

SEPTEMBER 18, 1978

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TIME

CAMP DAVID
AT THE
SUMMIT

The Shah

Iran in Turmoil



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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78 © Philip Morris Inc. 1978

A Letter from the Publisher

Often as not, those who cover world news have to scramble for a train or a plane when a big story breaks. But last week when the smoldering dispute between the Shah of Iran and his conservative Muslim foes erupted into a major international crisis, TIME happened to have the right men at the right place at just the right time.

Anticipating the worst, Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott and Cairo Correspondent Dean Brelis had arrived in Tehran two weeks ago. The Iranian capital was already astir; nearly all of the Cabinet ministers that Talbott had been scheduled to see were gone, fired by the Shah. But Talbott found no shortage of political leaders to interview in neighboring Pakistan; they were alarmed by the plight of the beleaguered Shah and the possibility of Soviet intervention. Brelis, meanwhile, went off to the Iranian city of Qum, seat of the restless Shi'ite sect, for talks with rebellious Muslim leaders.

When the violence in Iran's major cities worsened, Talbott and Brelis rushed back to the capital. By Friday, as dusk fell and a martial-law curfew threatened to cut off communications from their base at the Tehran Hilton, they gathered up their vo-

luminous notes, typewriters and a store of candy bars for quick energy, and then headed for the nearby home of TIME's Parviz Racin, where a telex was available. While Racin's wife, Sarieh, brought sustaining rounds of coffee and yogurt, the three men worked through the night, filing a barrage of reports to New York.

Next morning, after badly needed shaves and a quick change of clothing, the three men capped their journalistic marathon by heading for Saadabad Palace and an audience with the Shah. Though arrangements for the session had been made a week earlier, before the clashes in Iran's streets, the monarch kept his appointment with the three TIME representatives. For 90 minutes, over cups of tea, he answered their questions calmly, yet with obvious melancholy.

In New York, the files from Tehran were assembled by associate editors Marguerite Johnson, who wrote the cover story, and William Smith, who helped prepare the accompanying stories. The effort, as Talbott noted, showed "how TIME uses the close collaboration of its correspondents and editors to bring a major late-breaking news event into quick and sharp focus."

John A. Meyers



Brelis and Talbott with Shah after imposition of martial law

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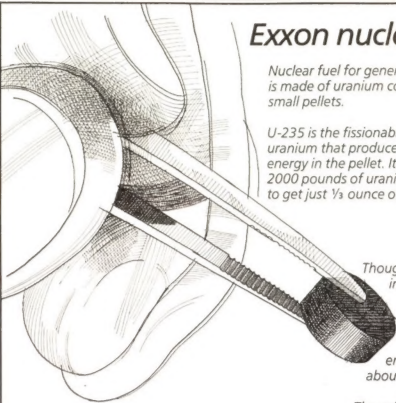
The benefits described are provided through the six-year plan available with our Renewable and Convertible Term policy.

EXXON ILLUSTRATED

Exxon nuclear fuel.

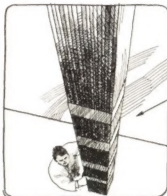
Nuclear fuel for generating electricity is made of uranium compressed into small pellets.

U-235 is the fissionable isotope in uranium that produces most of the energy in the pellet. It takes about 2000 pounds of uranium-bearing rock to get just $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of U-235.



Though less than $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter, nuclear fuel pellets are power-packed. Each pellet contains the energy equivalent of about 100 gallons of oil.

The pellets are sealed in long metal tubes or fuel rods.



The rods are grouped together in bundles or assemblies. Each rod must be exactly positioned and spaced within the assembly.

It takes some 200 nuclear fuel assemblies to make up the core of one modern reactor.

Annual electricity production from this reactor can meet the present average electrical needs of over 750,000 American homes. If generated by fossil fuels, this

amount of electricity would require 10 million barrels of oil or 3 million tons of coal.

By 1990, nuclear fuel could provide about 30% of total U.S. electricity demand.

Energy for a strong America.



Did you miss these stories?



FRANK REYNOLDS
Spy Sells Russians "Keyhole" Secrets.



MAX ROBINSON
Mr. Prop. 13 Campaigns For Federal Tax Cut.



PETER JENNINGS
Conclave—New Pope is Chosen.



90% of Cancer Caused by Environment.



"China...a growing check on Russian threats."



Family Murdered by Communists.



"Doomsday Tapes"—TV for Nuclear Survival.



Children G.I.s Left Behind.

ABC NEWS
World News Tonight
Weeknights



**Then you should be watching
ABC's World News Tonight—
fast becoming the
most watchable news on TV.**

Letters

The Godfather

To the Editors:

Mario Puzo is indeed "The Godfather of the Paperback Boom" [Aug. 28]. Who else but the expert novelist could write so much yet so little about something he's never personally experienced? If I could do as much, I too would be a millionaire. Hats off to "Mr. P."

John Luetkemeyer Jr.
Naperville, Ill.

Would Mr. Puzo like to tell us what proof he has that "it is a psychological fact that Italians do not give to organized charities"? He can speak only for himself. I can list dozens of men and women of Italian heritage who not only contribute to the Red Cross and other charitable, cultural and educational institutions, but also give generously of their time and talents to every sort of worthwhile endeavor.

Rose M. Cipriano
Millburn, N.J.



Please tell Mario Puzo that he was not alone in the forests when he was tracking Senecas and Iroquois as a youth. I, too, loved with a passion the novels of Joseph Altsheler, and couldn't take them out of the public library fast enough. *Doc Savage*, too, of course. But while my friends all know about *Doc Savage*, most of them have never heard of the Altsheler books. If Puzo wants to set up a small Altsheler memorial from little boys who grew up to be writers, I'm ready.

Alvin Toffler
New York City

Balloon Heroes

The crew of *Double Eagle II* has proved that the idea that there are no more modern heroes is a lot of hot air.

James C. Stritmatter, M.D.
Gainesville, Ga.

Actually, these "modern heroes" conquered

the Atlantic not with hot air but with helium.

When the three men from New Mexico flew their balloon to France, the prophecies of Jules Verne were invoked. No one said a word about the American. Mark Twain.

Yet almost a century ago, in *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, he described how his hero boarded a balloon in the Midwest and flew across the Atlantic with his loyal comrade, Huck Finn. Don't journalists read Mark Twain any more?

Abram Vossen Goodman
Lawrence, N.Y.

It was promptly recorded for posterity that Larry Newman proved to be the lucky transatlantic balloonist who got to sleep in the Lindbergh bed at the American embassy in Paris. But it's disappointing that the press did not report what Newman wore on the occasion.

You see, for his first night in France, Charles Lindbergh had to borrow a pair of the distinguished U.S. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick's pajamas. We Herricks are very proud to have those famous pajamas hanging on our family tree.

Helen Herrick Malsed
Seattle

The Sue-Somebody Syndrome

In Frank Trippett's Essay "Of Risks, Hazards and Culprits" [Aug. 28] decrying what you call "the increased tendency of injured parties to sue somebody," you attempt to equate American law holding negligent and careless individuals liable for their conduct with "the modern welfare state." That is unforgivable. In fact, the tort system allocates losses to those who actually cause them, rather than asking society in general to pay.

Perhaps you espouse a true no-fault society, where no person or corporation is responsible for its acts and conduct—no matter how injurious the result. I hope your readers will never agree.

Peter Chase Neumann
Reno

We will truly become a suing society now that the overcrowded legal profession has entered the advertising arena.

Nancy Jordan
Carrollton, Ga.

Since I am in charge of negligence cases as the risk manager for a reasonably good-size, self-insured city, I fully concur with the observations in your Essay. The "I'm entitled" spirit has been aptly named "the Psychology of Entitlement," which I define as "whatever happened to me must be your fault, and even if it isn't, I should be compensated for it." Thus the question of legal liability is rapidly being degraded to a form of social welfare. Personal accountability seems to be a vanishing ethic. Cities, as

you can well imagine, have become a prime target. No small part of the blame rests with an overpopulated plaintiff's bar willing to take almost any case.

Robert G. Walters
San Diego

This heightened devotion to litigation may seem to offer a cushy windfall to the person who files the suit—and his lawyer, of course—but it is not without a price to the rest of us. We pay for it in clogged court systems, in the continually rising cost of our insurance policies, and in the cost of just about everything else in which insurance figures as part of the price, doctors' malpractice insurance being the most dramatic example.

Robert G. Schultz
Chicago

King and Kennedy Hearings

The real fiasco on Capitol Hill is the hearings of the House Select Committee on Assassinations [Aug. 28]. These naive, amateur, armchair hawkshaws are bent on show-casing thieves and murderers on the national media. James Earl Ray loved it. It sure beat wrestling rattlers at Brushy Mountain Penitentiary.

The committee is attacking the FBI, the CIA in particular and law enforcement in general with its idiotic safaris into a criminal world it knows not of.

Chapter 2 of "strange encounters of the fourth kind" is coming up on the J.F.K. assassination hearings. Here, incredibly, the committee will venture still further afield when it tries to second-guess the expertise of the most sophisticated investigative agency in the nation—the FBI.

James H. Griffith
Cincinnati

Spending millions on investigations of the King-Kennedy assassinations is criminal when black slum children are hungry.

C. Evans Chew
San Antonio

Good Skate

The roller-skating story [Aug. 28] was pure nostalgia for me. In 1938-39 I skated to work down Seventh Street in Winfield, Kans., rain or shine—and in those days skates did rust.

I met my wife of 24 years on a roller-skating rink in Arkansas City, Kans., and got fired from a job in Wichita, Kans., for going skating instead of working overtime as requested. But I haven't been on roller skates since, and I am now too far over the hill to try.

Lew F. Torrance
Houston

Forgiving Nixon?

Do I detect a kind word for Nixon in the last sentence of "The Presidency" by Hugh Sidey [Aug. 28]? You mean there

**"Wilderness lands
are too rich
to lock away."**

Primitive, primeval. Vanishing sanctuaries. Many say, "Lock away these last wilds!" Others say we must harvest the riches these virgin lands hold. Who's right?

In vast, impenetrable, trackless sanctuaries, peaks rise 20,000 feet. Perpetually white. Where eagles soar. In valleys, birds, ground squirrels bustle among spring flowers. Deer browse in misty meadows. The last great bears roam free and sovereign. Majestic, forbidding, inhospitable lands. Yet fragile. And those who hear the call of the wild say, "Leave them untouched. Forever!" That's understandable.

But others cite our need for treasures wild lands store. In Alaska alone, perhaps 35 billion barrels of oil. Ten times last year's overseas imports. And 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas! Vast timber stands. Untold stores of copper, nickel, coal, chromium. Raging waters to harness for power. Many feel we must develop such lands. That's understandable, too.

But we can't both preserve and develop, mine and sequester. What then to do? Let's start by looking at priorities. America will need certain critical resources: minerals, oil, hydro-power, timber. Those needs may take precedence over aesthetic values. But, development must carry with it responsibilities. Utilization must be balanced with preservation. And, the balance is best arrived at through public discussion of needs, benefits, costs and aesthetic considerations.

Caterpillar makes the basic machines of resource development. We believe long-term policies require input from all interests: for development, for preservation, for compromise.

**There are
no simple solutions.
Only intelligent
choices.**



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Letters

are actually things like forgiving and forgetting?

*Dorothy A. Erl
Sterling Heights, Mich.*

If there is any one outstanding characteristic of Mr. Nixon's public career, it is his lifelong inability to perceive the true nature of power in politics and differentiate its use from its abuse. It behooves all Americans to remember this as they contemplate his resurgence.

*Norman J. Sissman, M.D.
Princeton, N.J.*

Perez and Plaquemines Parish

It is unthinkable that a man like Plaquemines Parish's Chalin Perez [Aug. 28] can refuse to apply for federal grants, even though they are in the best interest of the community, because he fears federal control. It seems to me that it is about time the Federal Government did something. I thought this was supposed to be the land of "liberty and justice for all." I don't call letting a man's wife die for lack of decent water justice. This should not be allowed to happen in the U.S.

*Gail Cooper Brumleve
Atlanta*

You object in your American Scene to Plaquemines Parish's purchasing a golf course for the public at a return of \$2 for every dollar invested by the taxpayer, and advocate the expenditure for water in Ironton of \$2,000 a person, or over \$20,000, for the benefit of the Merlis Broussard family of ten or more. The officials of Plaquemines Parish have always maintained fiscal responsibility and resisted irresponsible federal handouts, a duty they owe to their tax-paying citizens.

*Luke A. Petrovich, Vice President
Plaquemines Parish Commission Council
Buras, La.*

Dollar Disaster

Your "Greenbacks Under the Gun" [Aug. 28] was almost a true account of our disastrous situation. Your list of things the U.S. "could do" is an exercise in futility. Buy up dollars aggressively with what? More I.O.U.s? More Treasury debt certificates? Freshly printed greenbacks? Sell our gold? What will that do but ruin the price of gold without even touching our foreign and domestic deficits? Sure, sell at the market and we could pay the foreign deficits for a couple of years, and then what? What poll would vote to raise interest rates far enough to put us into a depression? Oil surtax? Moderately helpful as it pushes us into depression. There is nothing we can do that won't hurt too much.

*William H. Corson
Stanwood, Wash.*

Address Letters to **TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



"Real's got strong taste. More like a high tar."

I used to smoke a high tar brand. No more. Real's got the strong taste I want. Strong enough to satisfy. Beats me how they pack all that taste in a low tar. Made a different way, I guess. More of the good, natural stuff. Miss my old high tar brand? No way.

Check out Real.



***Only
9 mg tar.***

The strong tasting low tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine. FILTER: 9 mg. "tar",
0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

INTRODUCING A REVOLUTIONARY BIG PICTURE COLOR TELEVISION.



TABLIN: 1
SOLID VENEERED WOOD

GE "Command Performance,"
VHS video cassette recorder optional

You're looking at the new General Electric Widescreen 1000. A super size color TV with a picture three times the size of a 25" diagonal console. A picture that makes you feel like you're at the movies. A set with the advanced performance features you expect from General Electric.

Like VIR. The Emmy award-winning color system that gives you realistic flesh tones, blue skies, green grass. Automatically adjusted by the broadcaster's signal on many programs, GE won the Emmy just last year for being the first to use VIR. And electronic tuning. With the

chairside convenience of random access remote control. So you can go from channel 2 to 83 instantly.

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**THIS IS GE PERFORMANCE
TELEVISION.**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Diana Haley showing off some recent prizes, including a game, luggage, blender, typewriter and a Maverick Grabber car

American Scene

In Florida: A Contest Winner's Road to "Shoppertunity"

"You name it, I've won it," says the seventyish lady in silver harlequins as she tugs at her champagne-colored, pixie-style wig and smooths the fabric of her hot-pink shift. Mrs. Diane Haley is standing in the kitchen of her tropical green bungalow in Clearwater, Fla., surrounded by prizes: brown vinyl reclining chairs, rattan porch furniture, a turquoise side-by-side refrigerator-freezer, a hairy purple stuffed dog, a pair of TV sets—stacked one atop the other—two imitation art nouveau lamps. An avocado-colored Ford Maverick Grabber parked in the driveway and the gold-patterned floor in the sun porch were won in contests. Piled in a hallway is some yet unpacked booty: a set of West Bend serving dishes, a Lionel racing set with a "hoop of fire," a CB radio and antenna.

Mrs. Haley hospitably offers a glass of Minute Maid lemonade—and yes, it turns out she won that too. Mrs. Haley is one of millions of "contesters" who compete yearly for the more than \$100 million worth of prizes offered by U.S. advertisers to promote their products. Most contestants, like her, are retirees who have come to the Sunbelt after years of hard work in cold towns of the North and Midwest. They stay in touch with one another through a network of contestants' groups and subscribe to bulletins like the monthly *Contest News-Letter* (irc. \$0.0001) to keep abreast of events in the something-for-next-to-nothing world of merchandising competitions. Mrs. Haley is past president of the Florida State Contesters Association and once belonged to a local group called the Gulfwins.

She sighs. The Gulfwins, it appears, disbanded three years ago when the number of contests decreased. Contests, as opposed to sweepstakes, she is quick to ex-

plain, require skill—finishing a limerick, supplying the correct answers, coining a phrase. For some years now they have been losing ground to sweepstakes, a degenerate form in which the judging agency simply draws the winning entry from a bag of mail. True contestants, like Mrs. Haley, look down on sweepstakes. "There are no skill contests left. It's driving me nuts," she says. Most of what Mrs. Haley wins she sells at half price to her Florida neighbors or gives away to her relatives. To get rid of the surplus she also advertises in the Clearwater *Sun* and in the local Laundromat. Toward the end of every year she hoards the loot in anticipation of inflated prices as the holidays approach. Occasionally the bargaining is tense, as it was last Christmas when she unloaded two microwave ovens and a camera for nearly \$1,000. "The first thing people say to you is, 'It didn't cost you nothing.' That makes me so mad."

Mrs. Haley has not really kept track of her winnings over the years. But among the prizes that she does remember are: two clothes dryers, two refrigerator-freezers, two Caribbean cruises, about 75 radios, six cameras, a trip to Europe, a set of American Tourister luggage, blenders, clocks, record players, an electric organ, a year's supply of coffee (2 lbs. per week), a scholarship to any college in Pinellas County (which she gave to the daughter of a friend) and one square inch of Alaska.

Mrs. Haley recalls clearly how the whole thing began—with a win that changed her life. It was in 1947 when she was walking to work in Kenton, Ohio, a new graduate of a Lima, Ohio, beauty school. She was munching a 10¢ Queen Anne Pecan Roll with a jingle on the wrapper: "Jimmy bought a jingle bar.

He loved each luscious bite. Said he, Queen Anne's jingle bar . . ." Diane filled in the last line with "Is fit for a king all right." She won two motor scooters, which she promptly sold for \$500. With the money she bought the equipment to open her own salon, the Starlight Beauty Shoppe. The lights in the ceiling twinkled and a shampon and set was 75¢.

Mrs. Haley pardonably prides herself on what she refers to as "wintuition." But there is a lot of work and considerable technique involved. Take the copy that recently won her the Florida Championship in the Clarion Master Modulator contest, with prizes including a CB radio and antenna, plus a chance to compete for the grand prize of a Datsun 280Z, a \$5,000 personal appearance contract and an all-expenses-paid vacation for two in London. Sample: "Amigo, knock the slack out, turn on your ears to the 40-channel maximum, legal power. Stop walkin' the dog, gettin' bad scenes, signal drop-out and bleedovers. Why be a twerkie?"

She took the trouble, Mrs. Haley explains, to learn C.B. language from a book. As a true contender, she made that extra effort, though, she freely admits, a knack at writing "picturesque speech," sharpened by a correspondence course at the All-American School of Writing in Philadelphia, helped a good deal.

Mrs. Haley offers plenty of tips on how to be successful at contesting. She follows the rules strictly, making sure that the cards, paper and envelopes are the proper size. Mrs. Haley went to East High School in Columbus and was good at spelling and penmanship. She tries to tailor her entries to the known preferences of the judges. Over the years she has become familiar with their likes and dislikes by reading the winning entries and studying

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Then take it to your local Xerox office.

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"Four years ago Marites' father died, leaving her sickly mother as the only means of support for six children. Extreme poverty forced eight-year-old Marites and her two older sisters to go to work just to survive.

"Then thanks to the Christian Children's Fund I was able to sponsor her. To help give her food, clothing and a chance to go to school without taking her away from the family she loves.

"Marites and I got to know each other, and now we share a very personal affection for each other.

"For just \$15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites. You can become a sponsor in the Christian Children's Fund.

"Don't send any money now. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return. Then you can decide if you want to help. Please send in the coupon today. Because these kids are all in our family — yours and mine!"



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NTIM93

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child,

I'll send my first sponsor-ship payment of \$15 within 30 days. Or I'll return the

photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.

☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of \$15.

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Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

American Scene

the advice in the contest newsletters. Says she: "Some want cleverness, others want simple, homespun ideas."

She also consults a carton full of rhyming dictionaries, a thesaurus, catalogues of puns and books on analogy. She researches the products and tries to incorporate the manufacturers' sales pitches. Clever titles will give you an edge, advises Mrs. Haley, who has come up with such concoctions as "I Remember Mama's Turnips" and "Reunion Chicken." She won a \$600 microwave oven for a frankfurter casserole called "Putting on the Dog," a freezer for a sandwich dubbed "Ham Snacktaculars" and a stuffed tiger from the health food store for naming it "Eaton Wright." Other Haley coinages include "Blendelicious" for a multifavored ice cream, "Purrsnickety" to describe a fussy cat. There is also a word technique known as "advanced merging," as in Shopper + Opportunity = Shopportunity. Mrs. Haley once won six classical record albums for that one.

She sometimes spends all morning on a single entry, other times she does nothing for a week. Her husband Bill, a retired quality-control inspector whom she married in 1937, works continuously too, driving to the post office to mail entries (she won't risk the mail box) and buy stamps. He scouts around for precious entry blanks, but higher postal costs have forced Mrs. Haley to cut back on the number of entries she sends.

In the final days before a sweepstakes drawing, the Haleys send in some extra entries to boost Diane's chances. But in skill contests, she warns, "if you think you've got a terrific entry, don't compete with yourself." She redoubles her efforts in the summer and around Christmas, when she figures other contestants may be busy with other activities. Yet she has nothing but scorn for the Westport, Conn., pilot who submitted more than 100,000 of the 165,000 entries in a contest and won an \$85,000 airplane. "That's not keeping the spirit of contesting," she sniffs.

When not contesting, Mrs. Haley knits pillows to sell at the senior citizens center in Clearwater. She and Bill are also seashore bounty hunters. "We got a couple of old pocketbooks at the Goodwill, and we go out and walk along the beach with metal detectors," she explains. Their harvest has so far brought in coins, watches, fishing knives and a hubcap from a circa 1931 Essex. Says she: "People who say 'I can't find nothing to do' kill me."

She is always entered in half a dozen contests, but her main ambition these days is to win in the Pillsbury Bake-Off, granddaddy contest of them all. The prize is a whopping \$25,000. Mrs. Haley, however, makes clear that what she really cares about is not the cash but the thrill of the quest. Says she: "Winning makes me think I'm not ready for the rest home yet."

— Anne Constable

If your community is throwing away steel cans, it's throwing away money.



Many cities and counties have found that steel cans can be recovered from trash and sold profitably.

Municipal trash is loaded with valuable materials which can be reclaimed and sold.

Of all materials that can be recovered from trash, steel is the easiest to recover because it's magnetic. So food and beverage cans made of steel can be retrieved magnetically—by the billions—simply and profitably. And it's happening right now.

Resource recovery pays in Milwaukee

This progressive city of 700,000 spends less for solid waste disposal than other cities of comparable size. A private firm built and operates a modern resource recovery facility in Milwaukee. It magnetically recycles steel at the rate of 34 million pounds annually—the bulk of it from steel cans. This scrap is sold to "detinners" who recover the valuable tin and then sell the steel for re-use. Other metals, paper and glass are also retrieved—as is a refuse-derived fuel supplement, which is sold to a local utility.

It pays in Brown County, South Dakota

About 1.3 million pounds of steel were magnetically retrieved from the solid waste of Brown

County and adjacent Spink County last year. The steel is sold to a company that uses it to separate copper from ore—an important use of steel scrap. Brown County's income from recovering steel helps lower trash disposal costs. Even a smaller community can make resource recovery pay.

It can pay in your community

Today's technology is making resource recovery work—and pay. Cities and counties from coast to coast are doing it now and more will be by the end of this year. If your community isn't now involved, it can't afford not to be much longer.

U.S. Steel realizes the im-

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The Sealed-Lips Summit

At Camp David, no news on the Middle East talks might mean good news

A double chain-link, electrified fence topped with barbed wire; a hundred rifle-toting U.S. Marines; a few score heavily armed Israeli and Egyptian agents. This security barrier encircling Camp David last week effectively shut out a world intently curious and concerned about what was happening within the secluded presidential retreat in the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland. There at the summit, Jimmy Carter, Egypt's Anwar Sadat and Israel's Menachem Begin were starting the latest and one of the most momentous rounds in the three-decade search for an Arab-Israeli peace. Said a somber Carter just before departing for Camp David at the start of the week: "We will be almost uniquely isolated from the press and from the outside world without the necessity of political posturing or defense of a transient stand or belief." The President was not kidding. The news blackout at Camp David was so effective that one television reporter likened the press corps to "350 plumbers in search of a leak."

The unprecedented isolation as well as Carter's decision to call the summit is an indicator of the urgency with which the U.S. views the stalled Middle East peace process. The momentum begun ten months ago by Sadat's dramatic visit to Jerusalem had slowed to a virtual halt. To rekindle the peace initiative and avert a deterioration that could lead to war, Carter invited Begin and Sadat to Camp David. For the first time, the President said, the U.S. would become a "full partner" in seeking to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. "My hope," he added, "is that this degree of personal interchange... will be constructive." But, he conceded, "the prospects for complete success are very remote. Compromises will be mandatory. Flexibility will be the essence of our hopes."

There was no doubt that great differences divided the Egyptian and Israeli leaders as the conclave convened. They did not even agree, for example, on the importance of the summit. Sadat saw it as "a crucial crossroads" for peace. Begin, while labeling it "a very important meeting," stressed that "our people's fate does not depend on that meeting. Our people lived thousands of years before Camp David and will live thousands of years after Camp David."

Although no details of the summit dis-

cussions were known at the end of the week, a high-level Israeli participant at Camp David told TIME: "The talks are moving in the right direction." He added that "the main issue is the status of the West Bank. It has been discussed in all its aspects—the security arrangements, territorial settlement and the Palestinian political issue." It was also learned that the Israelis have sensed an improvement in the personal relations between Begin and the two other leaders. Begin, it was said, became more open and less suspicious that his two counterparts were hopelessly awaiting his political downfall in order to go ahead with the peace process. As a result, the Israeli leader is said to

White House spokesman at week's end. "But substantial differences still remain."

The first of the principals to arrive at Camp David, 67 miles northwest of Washington, was Carter Tuesday, while he and Rosalynn made a last-minute inspection of the "cottages" in which Sadat and Begin were to stay. Vice President Walter Mondale and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance headed for Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. They were waiting on the tarmac when the Egyptian Boeing 707 touched down, bringing Sadat from Paris, where he had dropped off his wife Jihan and his two-year-old grandson Sherif Marei, who was to receive medical treatment. At Andrews, Sadat praised

Carter for the "brave and gallant act" of calling the summit. In a swipe at Begin, he warned: "No one has the right to block the road to peace. This is no time for maneuvers and worn-out ideas. It is time for magnanimity and reason."

Sadat then traveled by helicopter to Camp David, where he greeted Carter with exuberant Arab-style hugs. He embraced Rosalynn with somewhat more restraint, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. Carter and Sadat strolled to Aspen Lodge, the presidential residence, and then on to Dogwood Lodge, the Egyptian's quarters.

Begin, meanwhile, had flown down to Andrews on a U.S. Air Force DC-9 from New York, where he had spent two days resting and meeting with American Jewish leaders. Begin bounded out of the plane for a reception virtually identical to Sadat's. But there were some differences. As a Premier, Begin was entitled to a 19-gun salute instead of the 21 accorded to a chief of state like Sadat. And at Camp David, after pecking Rosalynn on both cheeks, the Polish-born Israeli placed a courtly kiss on the First Lady's hand. Carter then escorted Begin to Birch Lodge.

That evening the three leaders dined separately. Afterward Begin walked to Aspen Lodge for the summit's first formal session. With no aides present, Begin and Carter conferred for two hours in the small private study, with the President taking notes. All that is known about their discussion is that Carter suggested and Begin agreed that the three leaders issue a joint prayer for the success of the talks.

The following morning Carter held a similar two-hour conference with Sadat.

CAMP DAVID



have concluded midway through the summit that the Egyptians were serious about peace with Israel.

Certainly, the atmosphere was encouraging Friday night at Camp David, the Carters and a few other U.S. officials dropped in on the Israeli delegation for what was expected to be a brief courtesy call. Both the President and Rosalynn wound up staying two hours, singing Sabbath songs and eating a kosher meal catered from Washington. Sunday, after Carter attended Baptist services at the camp, he gave Begin and Sadat a tour of the battlefield at Gettysburg.

Nonetheless, a source noted, "one shouldn't confuse a good atmosphere with progress on the issues." The Administration underscored the same point in its official briefings. "Progress does seem to have been made in certain areas," said a



Taking a break from their intense negotiations, Sadat, Carter and Begin relax by strolling around Camp David's idyllic grounds
So effective was the blackout on news that the frustrated press corps was likened to 350 plumbers in search of a leak.

this time on Aspen's flagstone patio overlooking the pool. The Egyptian agreed to the joint prayer for peace. Released later that day, it stated in part: "Conscious of the grave issues which face us, we place our trust in the God of our fathers... We ask people of all faiths to pray with us that peace and justice may result from these deliberations."

Although Sadat and Begin were not scheduled to meet until Wednesday afternoon, they encountered each other by chance early that morning as they were strolling about the wooded grounds. The two shook hands and remarked about "how good and healthy" each looked. Just then Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman pedaled up on one of the camp's bi-

cycles and greeted Sadat. Within three minutes, this first Israeli-Egyptian confrontation of the summit was over and the three men continued on their separate ways.

Later that day the first tripartite session convened around the circular coffee table on the Aspen patio: it ran one hour and 40 minutes. The following morning the three leaders met for three hours in Aspen's study. By the end of the week they had met for a total of 6½ hours, but what few details were released had nothing at all to do with the subject of the talks. White House Press Secretary Jody Powell noted, for example, that Carter was "participating active-

ly" and that "the personal relationships [of the principals] are good."

Sandwiched between the tripartite meetings were separate bilateral sessions, between the U.S. and Egypt and between the U.S. and Israel. Vance and other top U.S. officials, for example, would meet at Holly Lodge with Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and other senior Israeli officials; the U.S. team would then move over to Laurel Lodge and sit down with Egyptian Foreign Minister Mohammed Ibrahim Kamel and his associates. These sessions, which usually did not include Carter, Begin or Sadat, were apparently examining in detail the broad points raised by the tripartite gatherings. This was regarded as a positive sign.

The conference's chief participants congratulate the U.S. Marine Corps's silent drill team after its dazzling evening performance





Israelis en route to Camp David (from left): Weizman, Begin, Dayan



Egypt's President with his grandson on the flight from Cairo to Paris

While there were no full-scale bilateral Egyptian-Israeli gatherings, Sadat did meet alone with Defense Minister Weizman, the one Israeli with whom the Egyptian leader has established a warm personal rapport.

Carter was counting on the "chemistry" of Camp David's setting and intimacy to help make the summit succeed. Much of this would depend on the informal contacts between the parties. The three leaders' aides mixed casually over meals and drinks at Laurel Lodge. Walks through the chestnut, oak and hickory woods provided other opportunities for the kind of personal interaction that Carter hoped would contribute to the peace process.

On Wednesday, for instance, the President and Rosalynn strolled through

the woods with Begin and his wife Aliza. Thursday evening, the delegates attended a 45-minute performance on the parade field of the U.S. Marine Corps's Drum and Bugle Corps and the Marines' crack silent drill team. Although Carter immensely enjoyed the show, its blatantly martial tone seemed to surprise both Begin and Sadat. Following the performance, the Carters were hosts at a reception at Laurel Lodge for the delegations. All this contributed to such a soothing atmosphere that Begin, in a telephone conversation with aides in Jerusalem, exclaimed: "I feel here like I'm in paradise on earth. It is the first real rest I've had since taking office."

There was no set timetable for the historic meeting; some U.S. experts speculated that it might run as long as five or six days and not end until early this week. Before the conclave began, it was feared that considerable negotiating time would be lost as each leader observed his own Sabbath: Friday for Moslem Sadat, Saturday for Jewish Begin and Sunday for Christian Carter. But the weekend did not bring the talks to a standstill.

Even the devout Begin bent his faith's strictures somewhat and engaged in tripartite rounds, which to avoid criticism in Israel were labeled "informal gatherings for nonpolitical reasons." Noting that everyone at the summit was willing to compromise his religious obligations for the sake of the talks' success, an Israeli participant explained, "If a Jew is aboard a ship which begins listing, what is the first thing he throws overboard?" The answer is his prayer shawl and phylacteries. That is what has happened here at Camp David.

Despite the mere trickle of information coming from inside Camp David, Egyptians and Israelis back home were focusing full attention on the proceedings.

Egypt's normally noisy capital fell all but silent at 7:30 local time each evening, as Cairenes planted themselves in front of television sets for live reports from the U.S. Others clustered in apartment-building courtyards to hear radio newscasts.

In Israel a group of 200 rabbis and heads of Yeshivas posted proclamations in their synagogues and schools completely opposing Israel's withdrawal from even one inch of the West Bank territory, which they regard as an organic part of biblical Eretz Israel (the Land of Israel).



For Rosalynn, a courtly kiss



For Sadat, a warm welcome



Begin and Carter at Camp David helipad

At the same time, however, tens of thousands of "Peace Now" demonstrators crowded downtown Tel Aviv protesting Begin's intransigence on the occupied territories. Said one of the movement's founders, Yossi Ben-Artzi: "This is a historic chance to achieve peace; it comes perhaps once in a generation."

There was no open Egyptian criticism of Sadat last week, but that may well reflect the strong authoritarian control his government maintains over the press. Outside Egypt, a number of Arab states were highly critical of his trip to Camp

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David, just as they had been of his journey to Jerusalem. Libya's mercurial strongman Muammar Gaddafi quipped that Sadat had crawled to Camp David on all fours; an official Iraqi spokesman condemned the summit as a conference of "treachery"; and Syrian President Hafez Assad, while provocatively inspecting his tank forces near the Israeli border, warned that Sadat represented neither the Arab position nor the Arab longing for a Middle East settlement.

The Palestine Liberation Organization made its displeasure with Camp David known in its own all too typical fashion: by setting off two bombs in Jerusalem. One exploded at a gas storage depot and seriously injured two persons; the other blasted the rear section of an empty bus that minutes earlier had been full of foreign visitors touring the city. Worried about further P.L.O. terror, Israeli security forces were on heightened alert, patrolling open markets and bus stations and manning roadblocks in residential sections of the city.

The Arab radicals, such as the Iraqis and the P.L.O., fear that a success at Camp David would strengthen Sadat's voice of moderation in the Arab world. For just that reason, Saudi Arabia and Jordan have tacitly backed the Camp David summit.

While any definition of what would constitute a summit success is open to dispute, the basic task of Camp David is the same as that of nearly every attempt to reach a Middle East peace in the past decade. It must try to satisfy the Arabs on the issue of sovereignty and the Israelis on the matter of security. To achieve this, the three leaders will have to make some progress toward a formula that would accomplish Israeli withdrawal from nearly all the Arab lands it conquered in the 1967 war and provide assurances of Israel's security as an independent state.

Most U.S. officials and experts agree that Begin has been considerably less willing to compromise than Sadat. It is not known whether the Israeli came to Camp David ready to make new concessions. But observers in Jerusalem took it as a bad sign that Begin brought his legal adviser, Supreme Court Justice-designate Aharon Barak, who had prepared a detailed paper dissecting definitions of sovereignty. This could mean Begin is prepared to battle over nuances and give little ground on major issues—an approach that could drive Sadat, who has no patience for hairsplitting, back to the banks of the Nile in a hurry.

Sadat, meanwhile, is known to have taken to the summit a concrete and detailed peace plan calling on Israel to withdraw from the occupied territory in return for what he regards as substantial security arrangements. These proposals, which the Egyptians are billing as "a new peace initiative," have an undisguised dual purpose. They just might succeed in

breaking the log jam that has stalled the peace process. But if they are rejected by the Israelis, it could bolster Cairo's argument that Begin is the primary obstacle to peace. Sadat, in fact, is believed to have come to the U.S. convinced that Begin is less interested in a peace agreement than "in having a greater Israel." If Begin's actions at Camp David should appear to confirm this, Sadat believes, Carter may decide to side openly with Egypt against Israel. In addition, there could be a significant weakening of the U.S. public's traditionally pro-Israel attitude.

The Egyptians fear, however, that Begin may be playing the same game: trying to stick Sadat with the onus of intransigence. A possible Israeli ploy,

ate the U.S. public. For this reason he is not expected to ask other Arab states to brandish the "oil weapon," unless it could be directed solely against Israel without affecting the U.S. Similarly, he may be hesitant about putting Washington on the spot at the U.N. by demanding a blanket condemnation of Israel's occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Such a move could create a painful dilemma for Carter. A U.S. veto would enrage much of the world, including the Saudis, on whom the Administration relies to temper oil price hikes and support the dollar on international markets. But American approval of an anti-Israeli resolution would infuriate politically powerful pro-Israeli groups in the U.S.



Outside Aspen Lodge, Carter grabs a moment for reflection on the course of the summit

"The prospects for complete success are very remote. Compromises will be mandatory."

according to high Egyptian officials, would be to propose detailed and complicated negotiations that ignore the basic issue of Arab sovereignty over the occupied lands. If Sadat balked at participating in such talks, he might look irresponsibly stubborn. Yet such detailed talks could drag on indefinitely, allowing Jerusalem to tighten further its hold on the occupied territories by building or expanding Israeli settlements there.

If the summit ends without making much progress, the next move will surely be Sadat's. According to high-ranking Egyptians, he is considering several options. He could, for example, cancel the 1975 Sinai Disengagement Agreement. This would enormously increase tension in the area and could start a chain of events leading to new hostilities. Sadat could also ask the U.N. Security Council to condemn Israel's occupation of Arab lands and demand immediate withdrawal. If Begin emerges from Camp David splattered with blame for the summit's failure, then Washington might find it very difficult to veto such a resolution.

Sadat is said to be aware that his actions must not embarrass Carter or alien-

Sadat is thus likely to proceed with caution, at least for a while. He might restrict himself to asking the Security Council merely to condemn the Israeli settlements in the occupied territories. Not only are these communities opposed by factions inside Israel, but the U.S. has branded them "illegal."

Sadat can discard all of these options, of course, if the summit succeeds and a new "spirit of Camp David" is born. In that case the peace process would accelerate, and negotiations between Egypt and Israel would resume at a number of levels.

One thing is certain. As soon as the summit ends, the cloak of secrecy that has covered it will be torn away. Sadat and Begin are sure to go public—and in detail—with their versions of what happened in the mountains of Maryland. Begin, for example, intends to remain in the U.S. for four days and tape at least one TV discussion. Sadat also plans to linger in the U.S. for a few days to lobby key members of Congress and give interviews. For his part, Carter will probably report to the nation on the meeting. Whether it succeeds or fails, the Camp David summit will set the course for much of what is soon to happen in the troubled-plagued Middle East. ■



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PR10 print shown to actual size

The Colorburst 300 instant camera. Another first from Kodak.

Nation



Nuclear-powered carrier U.S.S. Nimitz

Winning on Alien Ground

A veto is sustained and a fire is lit under gas

While Jimmy Carter was concentrating last week on the Middle East, his allies were winning a string of important victories for him in two usually unfriendly arenas: the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Administration's initial score was in the House where conservatives tried to override Carter's first veto of a major bill, the \$37 billion defense authorization that contained \$1.9 billion for a nuclear aircraft carrier. Carter maintained that the carrier was too expensive, and that the money would be better spent on strengthening NATO forces. Conservative Congressmen disagreed, arguing that Carter was mostly concerned with building a tough-guy reputation by vetoing the measure. Charged New York Republican Jack Kemp: "The President's image guy, Gerald Rafehson, has been running this."

For three weeks, both sides skirmished with tit-for-tat briefings by experts, breakfast discussions and discreet lobbying. On the eve of the vote, the Administration was confident, but anticipated a narrow margin. Instead, the override attempt lost, 191 to 206, falling 74 votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority. Much of Carter's support came from Democratic liberals who opposed the carrier. Moreover, many members shared Texas Democrat George Mahon's reluctance to "repudiate the President at a time when he needs strength in his

quest for peace in the Middle East."

The President got another boost when the House refused to approve a Republican-sponsored measure to take away Carter's authority to impose import fees on foreign crude oil. For a wobbly moment, the Administration's winning streak in the House was endangered by the threatened gutting of a bill that would require court approval of any wiretapping done for national security reasons. Carter and Attorney General Griffin Bell argued that the measure was necessary to clear up ambiguities in the present law and protect civil rights. The House began rewriting the bill to give the President a free hand to order wiretaps, a liberty that Carter did not want. But after the Democratic leadership rallied the ranks, the House passed just about what the Administration desired.

In the Senate, Administration officials were making headway in their fight to get a natural-gas compromise, the keystone of Carter's long-blocked energy program. The compromise would increase the price of most natural gas by 15% immediately, and continue raising prices until controls ended in 1985. Initially, only gas-pipeline operators supported the bill; almost every other industry group, consumers and labor, opposed it.

Carter was on the phone to Senators urging support for the compromise right up to his departure for Camp David. "I don't call you often," he told conservative Republican Richard Lugar, "but I need your help desperately." Lugar nonetheless declined to support the bill. The President also sent a three-page letter to every Senator. But the missives brought snickers from some because they were obviously form letters—except for scribbled personal messages from Carter on each—and White House aides had lost a line at the bottom of the second page, making some of the text incomprehensible.

For three days, Vice President Mondale worked Capitol Hill, although he was bleary-eyed from the jet lag of his weekend trip to Rome for the installation of Pope John Paul I. He even sandwiched in an hour of phone calls between meeting Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin at Andrews Air Force Base. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger buttonholed Senators as they went in and out of the chamber. At one point, he chased Missouri Republican John Danforth up the stairs, then lost him in the maze of third-floor corridors.

At week's end, the Administration was cautiously upbeat. "We don't have 50 firm commitments," said Schlesinger, "but we are optimistic." Said Mondale's Senate lobbyist, William Smith: "The momentum is on our side." But the compromise coalition was fragile, and Carter's forces still faced the danger that last-minute lobbying by opponents might turn the tide when the compromise comes up for a vote, probably this week.

Lone Assassins

Decisions on the deaths of Kennedy and King

It started as a gaudy circus. When the House Select Committee on Assassinations was formed two years ago to investigate once again the killings of President John Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., Congressmen vied for the limelight and fought with their abrasive chief counsel, Richard Sprague, who quit within a year. But, to the surprise of its early critics, the committee disciplined itself and did some meticulous though costly work (nearly \$5 million by the end of this year). As its public hearings wind down, the committee's sober findings are reinforcing long established official conclusions about the deaths of both Kennedy and King.

Last month the committee in effect reconvicted James Earl Ray of stalking and slaying the civil rights leader in the spring of 1968. In the process, the Congressmen discredited the persistent theory that Ray did not act alone. Last week the committee turned to the Kennedy assassination and added credence to the main finding of the Warren Commission: Lee Harvey Oswald alone killed the President and wounded former Texas Governor John Connally.

The Kennedy hearings produced some dramatic and grisly theater. The Zaprunder film, the pathologists, the conspiracy theorists—everyone and everything was there in the Cannon House Office Building to recall the agony of that day in Dallas.

Kennedy's suit coat, the front ripped



Suit coat Kennedy was wearing in Dallas

Grisly theater but no surprises.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

He'll Let Us Know

apart by frenzied doctors trying to save his life, and his bloodstained shirt were mounted on a mannequin and used to illustrate the path of one shot. All too vivid sketches showed the exact entry point of the bullet that shattered the President's skull. There was prolonged discussion about what had happened to the President's lower brain after the autopsy. It had apparently been buried at the request of Robert Kennedy.

John Connally, who was moved to tears as he testified, and his wife spoke for three hours in gripping detail about the events leading up to the assassination. They had feared a cool reception for Kennedy in Dallas, but the crowds had greeted him so warmly that Mrs. Connally turned in the limousine, just as it neared the book depository, and said: "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you." And the pleased Kennedy had replied: "That's obvious." Connally recalled hearing a shot ring out and moaning, "No, no, no, no."

Since November 1963 the Warren Commission and two different teams of pathologists have reviewed the autopsy report made at Parkland Hospital in Dallas. The House committee's panel, after its own re-examination, made only minor objections to the original findings, like the exact location of the entry wounds. Its views strengthened the conviction that the shots had been fired from the Texas School Book Depository where Oswald worked. Eight out of nine forensic experts retained by the committee said it was likely that one bullet passed through the President's neck and then wounded Connally in the back, chest, wrist and thigh, thus supporting the Warren Commission's controversial "single-bullet theory."

The panel's findings that the shots came from behind should lay to rest the theory that another gunman, perhaps firing from a grassy knoll in front of the car, was involved in the assassination. But it is unlikely even now that many Americans, deeply skeptical about official pronouncements and constantly confronted by the dirty linen of the CIA and FBI, will give up their notions of a conspiracy. Showing there was no second gunman, as Connally pointed out, posed a difficult problem: How do you prove a negative?

Conspiracy theories will flourish as long as any questions remain unanswered, and the House committee is set to concede in its report that some points remain unsettled. But TIME has learned that the committee will recommend that there be no further studies, on the grounds that many of the remaining questions are simply unanswerable and that 14 years of attack on the Warren Commission report and almost a decade of faultfinding with the King investigation have failed to shake the fundamental conclusions of either of the official explanations: The President and the civil rights leader were each killed by a single assassin.

What must have been going through that handsome head as John Connally sat in the Cannon Office Building last week remembering the murder of John Kennedy? So many memories and regrets. So near for so many years to the power he sought, yet still so far away. Sitting there in the very building where he had first entered national politics 39 years ago as an aide to Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson. A President still in search of portfolio.

It must have been a heartache of many kinds. There was the horror of the assassination, of course, and the memory of his own wounds. And, back in Washington again, back in the spotlight, he must have pondered once more why he had not become President, why he should be President. There was not a flicker of that in his public testimony. But just as sure as the day was Wednesday, it was inside. All that testimony about the assassination will not put to rest the questions, the theories about conspiracy within and without the Government. But that may not have been the important thing.

Would the hearing make a difference for John Connally, draw attention to the man who feels he could be President? So many other events and coincidences had made differences during his long career. Had Connally not changed from a Democrat to a Republican, and had he stayed in Texas watching the Watergate drama and the tragedy of Richard Nixon, he might have won the Democratic nomination in 1976 and been President today. Or if Richard Nixon had only taken Connally's advice—made at least a partial confession of his involvement in the Watergate cover-up—he might have ridden out the storm and then that same John Connally might have been President. But a Republican President. Small difference to John Connally, who plays life as it lays.

Connally has been part of more of our history than we sometimes realize. He tried to get Lyndon Johnson the nomination in 1960. Failing that, he joined the Kennedy Administration as Secretary of the Navy. He was a good one. Then he went back to become Governor of Texas. In his first year came Dallas, and later Richard Nixon, the man who was mesmerized by Connally. He became Secretary of the Treasury, but Nixon tantalized him with the vision of being his Vice President and finally moving into the Republican mainstream and the presidency. That is the kind of wide-screen thinking John Connally liked. Too much.

How much was it raw ambition on Connally's part that made him change parties? How much prescience, a feeling for the conservative turn the nation was about to take? Certainly a little of both. In any event, he was tossed along on the great tides of history from Dallas to last week—nearly 15 tumultuous years. A talented and exciting man who seemed to just miss being in the right place at the right time doing the right thing.

Was Connally coming back into the nation's future? He was a powerful figure before the committee, directed the drama, played the lead role, gave the epilogue. He was attentive to the Congressmen, one of whom is half his age, just 18 when the shots were fired on Nov. 22, 1963. He was not afraid to describe the shots, the blood, the brains, the feeling. Connally did not waver. The men in front of him were reduced to size. Once he referred to "Senator" Kennedy. John Kennedy had never really been more than that to the Texans.

John Connally left the building he had entered 39 years ago and stood in the brilliant sunshine in his elegant tailoring and the funny little hat he always wears. He is an old-fashioned man in many ways, but one who relishes the world. He has always believed he could mold it.

Where was the Governor bound?

Back to Texas to do a little campaigning for other candidates, he said.

Not for himself?

"Oh no, not me," he laughed. "But when the November elections are over, I intend to sit down and do some thinking. If I decide to go I'll sure let you all know." As John Connally talked and joked, he was standing there on the very top of the hill that looks out over all of Washington. We may be hearing.



John and Nellie Connally testifying

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21. Junior Shorthand Typist (235)
22. Shorthand Typist (236)
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24. Technical Transcription Typist (241)
25. Technical Shorthand Typist (242)
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27. Junior Secretary (301)
28. Secretary (310)
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46. Word Processing Senior Statistical Typist (521)
47. Word Processing Transcription Typist (530)
48. Word Processing Shorthand Typist (535)
49. Technical Word Processing Typist (540)
50. Technical Word Processing Transcription Typist (541)
51. Technical Word Processing Shorthand Typist (542)
52. Word Processing Proofreader (550)
53. Word Processing Technical Proofreader (551)
54. Miscellaneous, Other (600)
55. Receptionist (601)
56. Receptionist, Typist (602)
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Wrecked DC-7 that crashed in Louisiana woods with ten tons of marijuana from Colombia

"The Defense Is Not Ironclad"

It certainly isn't, as "pot planes" enter U.S. airspace undetected

One afternoon last week a crew of Colombians began loading bales of unlabeled cargo into a four-engine DC-7 at Curaçao airport in the Dutch Antilles. That night the lumbering 22-year-old plane took off for what the crew said was a local test run to tune up its engines.

Instead the ancient Douglas headed north over the Gulf of Mexico, flying through the night with no approved flight plan or warning lights and maintaining radio silence. Neither the Federal Aviation Administration nor the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) picked it up on radar as it flew low into dense fog over Louisiana. The foreign invaders might have escaped detection altogether but for the fact that their plane lost power and crash-landed in the trees near Farmerville, just south of the Arkansas-Louisiana border.

Their illicit cargo—ten tons of marijuana, worth \$22 million in street sales—apparently saved three of the four smugglers. On impact the burlap bags slammed forward into the cockpit, broke open and literally popped the surviving crew members out of the plane as it disintegrated and burned. Said a Union Parish sheriff's deputy: "Those guys are lucky to be alive, and thanks to the pot they are. But they're sure going to get to know our jail real well." They face up to ten years for possession of marijuana with intent to distribute. The fourth crew member was thought to be buried under the cargo.

The undetected flight into the U.S. of a plane carrying Colombian marijuana or cocaine is a dramatic but far from unusual event. "Several hundred come in every day," says Tom Stuckey, an FAA official in Louisiana. Most flights from Colombia are bound for Florida and Geor-

gia; a DC-7 with twelve tons of marijuana was discovered at an airfield in Georgia last spring. Countless other "pot planes" take off from Mexico for the deserts of the Southwest, where the Drug Enforcement Administration has found more than 40 small aircraft abandoned this year. The trafficking is a high-profit operation: a single ten-ton marijuana flight can mean \$2 million for the smuggler.

Even more disturbing in some quarters than the magnitude of the marijuana traffic is the fact that a plane as large as a DC-7 can penetrate the U.S. from the south totally undetected by military air-defense systems. Concedes NORAD's Del Kindschi: "The defense is not ironclad. It's possible for a single low-flying aircraft to fly under our radar capabilities." NORAD is developing an "over-the-horizon" radar with greater capability for spotting low planes but, for general operational use, the system may be years away. Radar beamed from sophisticated AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) planes is already highly effective at detecting ground-hugging aircraft. But it would take a huge and prohibitively expensive fleet of such planes to make the U.S. invulnerable.

In the meantime officials express some concern about the southern border—the relatively soft underbelly of U.S. air defense. In 1971 a group of Cubans, using a low-flying, Soviet-built transport, dropped in unannounced at New Orleans airport for a sugar conference. In 1972 a Cuban defector flew his air force plane undetected to Miami. The U.S. keeps its intelligence eyes focused mainly on northern approaches where, it is assumed, there is the greatest threat of an attack.

An Aide Aids

Congressman Flood is indicted

"I have been doing all the dirty work, and the old man has been getting all the gravy." So Stephen Elko reportedly complained to the FBI about his former boss, Daniel Flood, 74, a 30-year Congressman from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and the flamboyant head of the powerful House Appropriations Subcommittee for Labor and HEW. Largely on the basis of Elko's testimony, a Los Angeles federal grand jury last week indicted Flood on three charges of perjury, including one stemming from a statement he made denying receipt of \$5,000 in bribes to help some now-defunct West Coast trade schools.

Last October, Elko was convicted of taking bribes from the same schools but engineered a three-year sentence after agreeing to reveal his boss's dealings. Elko has told investigators that Flood was paid more than \$100,000 for having pressured federal agencies to help various constituents, contractors and businessmen. Grand juries in Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia are now probing Flood's activities, and Government investigators believe they can indict the Congressman on additional charges.

Last week a resolution was introduced in the House, aimed at Flood, requiring committee chairmen to step aside if they are indicted for an offense punishable by more than two years in prison. Meanwhile, Flood continues his campaign for re-election back home where his popularity does not seem to ebb. After the indictments were announced, the Congressman—a former Shakespearean actor—seemed uncharacteristically subdued when he stepped outside his modest house to make a statement. Claimed Flood: "These are charges made by desperate men under pressure."



Flood denying charges of wrongdoing

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Nation

Jimmy Hoffa's Last Ride

Two new books examine the mystery of the Teamster's fate

Who killed Jimmy Hoffa? And why, where and how? The main outlines of Hoffa's death were widely reported after he disappeared in 1975, but two writers provide some new details about the nation's largest and most crime-ridden major union in their forthcoming books: *The Teamsters* by Steven Brill, and *The Hoffa Wars* by Dan E. Moldea.

The beginning of the end for Hoffa came in 1971, when President Nixon commuted his 13-year sentence in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary for jury tampering. Once free, Hoffa set out to regain control of the union from Frank Fitzsimmons, his hand-picked successor. But Fitzsimmons had come to enjoy the power and perks and had no intention of stepping down. The mobsters, who had been flourishing during Fitzsimmons' genially relaxed reign—joining various regional Teamster bosses in lucrative loan sharking, pension-fund frauds, sweetheart contracts, management-union kickback deals and other rackets—did not want Hoffa back either. They feared that he would centralize power again and deal out a few racketeers who had rubbed him the wrong way.

Both writers agree with the FBI that Hoffa's murder was engineered by Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, the heavyhanded boss of New Jersey's Teamsters, who was convicted in June of the 1961 murder of Anthony Castellito, a Teamster hoodlum who had challenged Tony Pro's cut of the rackets.

Jimmy and Tony Pro had long been buddies, but they almost came to blows in July 1967, when both were serving time in Lewisburg. Tony Pro for extortion. A fellow convict told Brill that the two argued over how to divide up Teamster turf, and Hoffa made it clear that he would give no help to Tony Pro. "Tony was explaining to Jimmy how he was going to get right back into things in New Jersey," recalled the convict. "Well, Jimmy exploded at him 'Look,' he said, 'when you get out, you guys are going to have to be on your own.' Tony's cheeks were red and twitching, he was so mad. Finally, he came towards Hoffa screaming, 'If you don't get out of my shit and back off of me, you'll end up like Castellito!' They won't find so much as a fingernail of yours," Jimmy yelled. "Bullshit!" and that's when I broke them up."

The feud continued both in prison and after Hoffa and Provenzano were released. According to Moldea, Hoffa told a fellow Teamster that Provenzano had "threatened to pull my guts out or kidnap my children if I continue to attempt to return to the presidency of the Teamsters." But, at the urging of An-

thony ("Tony Jack") Giacalone, a Detroit gang lieutenant and longtime friend, Hoffa finally agreed to meet with Tony Pro on July 30, 1975, to try to resolve their differences.

That afternoon, according to both accounts, Hoffa left his suburban Detroit home and drove alone in his car to the Machus Red Fox restaurant in Bloomfield Township. He expected to be picked up there to go elsewhere for the meeting with Provenzano. Soon afterward, Charles ("Chuckie") O'Brien, 41, pulled into the parking lot. Hoffa apparently got into the car voluntarily. He had good reason to

blood if he had been shot, evidence that his assailants did not want to leave behind. Or he may have been taken somewhere else and killed. Brill believes that Hoffa's body was later completely destroyed in a large trash shredder, compactor or incinerator—or some combination of all three—at Central Sanitation Services in nearby Hamtramck, Mich. The refuse-disposal company is owned by two Detroit crime figures, Raffael Quasariano and Peter Vitale.

Though the FBI knows what happened to Hoffa, it does not have a strong enough case to go to court. "We all know who did it," one unidentified Teamsters vice president told Brill. "It was Tony with those guys of his from New Jersey. It's common knowledge. But the cops need a corroborating witness, and it doesn't look like

DALE WINTER



The restaurant where Hoffa was last seen; inset: Hoffa (above) and Tony Pro

"He threatened to pull my guts out or kidnap my children."



trust O'Brien, the Hoffas had raised him after the death of his father. His mother had been a close friend of Mrs. Hoffa's. Brill reports that also in the car were two of the three musclemen from Tony Pro's New Jersey Teamsters ranks assigned to carry out the killing. Gabriel Briguglio, 36, his brother Salvatore, 47, and Thomas Andretta, 38. Brill, however, does not mention a fourth mobster regarded by the FBI as a prime suspect in the slaying, Thomas Principe.

One man sat in the back seat beside Hoffa as O'Brien drove; a second sat in front. During the trip, the thug in back hit Hoffa over the head with some kind of blunt instrument, knocking him out. Traces of Hoffa's blood and hair were found in the back seat of the car.

Hoffa may have been strangled in the vehicle. There would have been more

they're about to get one, does it?" The FBI, according to Brill, has been playing a persistent and patient game, trying to get evidence against the suspects on other charges in the hope that one of them will talk in return for leniency.

One problem is the suspects' fear of being permanently silenced by the Mob. Brill describes O'Brien as living in such terror of Tony Pro that he hid under a bed for two days at the Teamsters' Las Vegas convention in 1976. Last March Salvatore Briguglio was shot to death outside a restaurant in New York's Little Italy to keep him from talking to the FBI about the Hoffa case. Agents promptly tried to convince the other suspects that they had a better chance to survive as protected Government witnesses than on the loose in the streets. So far, none have been willing to testify in court about Jimmy Hoffa's last ride.

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IRAN/COVER STORIES

The Shah's Divided Land

Turmoil in Tehran brings martial law and a threat to the dream

Day after day they marched, tens of thousands strong, defiant chanting demonstrators surging through the streets of Tehran, a capital unaccustomed to the shouts and echoes of dissent. The subject of their protest was the policies of Iran's supreme ruler, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Some carried signs demanding his ouster. Others called for a return of long denied civil and political liberties and the enforcement of Islamic laws. A few even demanded the legalization of the Tudeh, Iran's outlawed Communist party. The crowd, at times numbering more than 100,000, was a colorful, sometimes incongruous cross section of Iranian society: dissident students in jeans; women shrouded in the black *chador*, the traditional head-to-foot veil; peasants and merchants; and most important the bearded, black-robed Muslim mullahs, the religious leaders of the Shi'ite branch of Islam, which commands the allegiance of 93% of Iran's 34.4 million people.

The challenge to his leadership stunned the Shah and outraged his generals, who argued that the demonstrations were surely eroding his authority—and in turn the army's—and must be stopped. Declared an army officer: "We told the Shah, as Lincoln once said, a house divided cannot stand by itself." Said a general to the Shah: "It is against our military honor to stand the present situation." A lengthy late-night Cabinet meeting fol-

lowed, and on the morning after, Premier Jaafar Sharif-Emami proclaimed a curfew and martial law for six months. Not in a quarter-century had Tehran been under the rule of troops.

Next day the demonstrations began again and this time ended in fatal, fiery riots. Many marchers apparently had not yet heard the martial-law proclamation over Radio Iran or else they chose to defy it. Jaleh Square in downtown Tehran was packed with thousands of protesters. A local religious leader appealed to them to disperse. They refused. A cavalcade of motorcycles, followed by groups of women and young children, began to proceed toward squads of armed soldiers. After repeated warnings, the soldiers lobbed canisters of tear gas into the crowd, then shot into the air. As the throngs advanced, the troops lowered their guns and fired. At nightfall, after the bodies of the victims had been loaded into army trucks and carried away, the government announced that 86 people, mostly women and children, had died, and 205 others were wounded.

For the proud Shah, as for his distressed people, it was a sorry week, yet one that had been a long time coming. For months the Shah's opposition had been growing more demonstrative, especially the Shi'ite mullahs and their followers. Three weeks ago, the militance took on a mad and sinister cast: terrorists set fire to a movie house in Abadan,

killing 377 people. In an attempt to placate the religious conservatives, the Shah two weeks earlier had installed Sharif-Emami as Premier, largely because he was respected by Iran's moderate Muslim clergy. Sharif-Emami closed gambling casinos and restricted other practices considered offensive by the Shi'ites. He also lifted a ban on the formation of political parties. Only the Communists remained outlawed. Said one of the mullahs at the time: "Our Prague spring cannot last long. But will the Shah understand that?"

The Shah's problems are magnified by the fact that the opposition does not arise from a single political sector, like the communists, or a single cultural group, like the religious conservatives, who remain his most vocal and articulate foes. The dissent cuts across class, religious and political divisions, ranging from Marxist students on the extreme left to Western-educated intellectuals, professionals and businessmen in the center to religious zealots on the far right. The mullahs, for all their abhorrence of the decadent excesses of modernism, have traditionally been political progressives and nationalists in their outlook.

What the protesters do have in common is bitter frustration over the failure of many of the Shah's economic programs, the rising inflation brought on by oil wealth, the denial of political rights, and years of repressive and insensitive rule. Says a West German foreign-office expert: "For too long, the Shah paid insufficient attention to political pressure groups from right and left, dismissed them as rabble-rousers, and was convinced that his lifting Iran economically at a rapid pace would satisfy most of his people. He also thought that he could keep things under control by the traditional method of ruling with a firm, indeed oppressive, hand. It clearly has not worked."

These failures were bound to invite both U.S. concern and Soviet adventurism because the area is of immense strategic importance. For its part, the U.S. has not commented publicly on the question of Soviet interference in Iran, but some observers do not rule it out. Moscow maintains a diplomatic mission in Tehran that is far bigger than that of the U.S. Intelligence officials assume that the Soviet embassy and consular offices provide cover for large numbers of KGB operatives.



Iranian demonstrators with wounded comrade after outbreak of rioting

"Our Prague spring cannot last long. But will the Shah understand it?"



Formal portrait of the Shah in full military dress; Western-equipped Iranian troops on parade in Tehran, the capital



Crowd of 25,000 Muslims in the well-to-do Gheytriyeh sector of Tehran in a celebration last week of 'Id al Fitr, ending the Ramadan fast
Religious protestors with anti-Shah banners marching through the capital last week; Shi'ite Spiritual Leader Ayatullah Sharietmadari





Clockwise from top: supertankers loading at Kharg Island; veiled women at medical clinic in Soltaniyeh; worker threshing wheat on nearby farm; assembly line at Tehran's 700-acre automobile plant; peasant and his donkey on the road to Zanjan; hovercraft commandos on maneuvers; naval gunner protecting Kharg Island crude-oil facilities



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What is Moscow's aim? "From the Soviet standpoint," says one Western official, "the game here is pretty simple: the worse is better. The Shah is their enemy, and anybody who opposes him is to be supported." Adds a former U.S. diplomat: "If you were in the Kremlin, you would say to yourself, what do we do? You strike at the most vulnerable point, and that point is the Persian Gulf. In effect, you rattle the Shah's bird cage. You rattle it hard. This is what they are doing. But let's not get dishonest. Let's not also say that everybody is a Communist. That's not necessarily true. This is power politics we're playing here today. This is not ideology."

The Shah nonetheless believes that Iran's present turmoil can be attributed to a Communist conspiracy, which he feels has always been at the root of his troubles. In a press conference last month he repeated that argument. "Today," he declared, "the plot is the same, and I have a great deal of information that shows that the rioters receive orders from the Communists." Such is the level of concern in the Shah's regime that there is even talk in high circles of another possible villain: the CIA, which is being accused of deliberately infiltrating the opposition so that its agents would be in place in the new government if the Shah were overthrown.

In any case, the fact is that Iran's own internal problems brought the Shah to the brink of disaster. As frustrations mounted over the months, Iranians turned to their Islamic religious leaders—the mullahs—who, as it happens, have deep grievances of their own. For centuries, the daily lives of the Persians were guided by conservative mullahs of the Shi'ite sect, whose influence embraced not only the country's spiritual life but also its secular culture and economic institutions.

Thus the Shi'ite leaders felt threatened when the Shah set out to create a Western-style nation in the 20th century mold. He called his campaign the White (for bloodless) Revolution. Later it was renamed the Shah-People's Revolution, but changing the name did not prevent the inevitable clash of cultures.

In defiance of the mullahs, the Shah ordered widespread land reforms, divesting the Shi'ite clergy of their vast holdings. The Shah scheduled a referendum on land reform and won his way by a wide margin. He decreed new privileges for women, including the right to vote and to attend institutions of higher learning. In June 1963 the mullahs, having failed to block the Shah's reforms, called their people into the streets. Demonstrations turned into riots, and the Shah sent in his troops. When the rioting stopped several days later, 200 people were dead, and the leader of the mullah opposition, Ayatullah Khomeini, was sent into exile.

Khomeini lives in Iraq and still leads the opposition against the Shah. "The people will not rest," he declared last month, "until the Pahlavi rule has been

swept away and all traces of tyranny have disappeared." Scoffing at the Shah's promise to allow free elections next year, Khomeini said: "As long as the Shah's satanic power prevails, not a single true representative of the people can possibly be elected."

Among the mullahs inside Iran, the most powerful is Ayatullah Shari'atmadari, a revered Islamic scholar who condemns violence but strongly opposes the Shah on constitutional and religious grounds (see box). Parliament, claims Shari'atmadari, too often violates the precepts of Islamic law to the detriment of Shi'ite sensibilities. Gambling, prostitution and pornography are all viewed as typical manifestations of modernism. The Shah's widespread curtailment of civil liberties, freedom of the press and political assembly are looked upon as only further evidence of his determination to deprive the Shi'ites of their power and to transform the nation into a secular state.

Shari'atmadari's headquarters—and thus the heart of Iran's internal Islamic opposition—is Qum, a city of 300,000 that ranks with Najaf in Iraq as one of the world's greatest centers of Shi'ite learning. Located 75 miles south of Tehran, Qum is both a symbol and a model of the Iran that the mullahs yearn to preserve. No television aerials mar the pristine skyline, no public cinemas threaten to seduce the inquisitive; no bars or liquor stores offend the strict life of the observant. All women wear the *chador* and devote much of their lives to weaving fine Persian carpets. Thronging the streets are thousands of turbaned, black-robed mullahs whose

entire lives are submerged in the study of theology with Qum's learned men.

But the mosques of Qum are not simply places of learning and prayer. They have also become centers for political action. Says one dissident lawyer: "We have not been allowed to form political parties. We have no newspapers of our own. But the religious leaders have a built-in communications system. They easily reach the masses through their weekly sermons in the mosques and their network of mullahs throughout the nation. That is why so many nonreligious elements cloak their opposition in the mantle of religion."

So pervasive is the network that some nonreligious Iranian dissidents have exploited the mullahs' movement for their own purposes. Some time ago, dissidents who could not otherwise have hoped to be effective signed up with Khomeini in Iraq under religious pretexts. A few then went to Lebanon for training by George Habash's radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Returning to Iran, they posed as clergymen, took code names, formed cells and provoked incidents of terrorism.

One who is dismayed by this infiltration is Abdul Reza Hejazi. Khomeini's associate in Tehran, Hejazi is a mullah of considerable fame. Hejazi spent two years in prison for the crime of receiving a letter from Khomeini and answering it. He stresses that despite accusations to the contrary, the mullahs are not opposed to Western advances in science, medicine and education for Iran. "Islamic civil-



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zation and Western civilization can and should merge in order to create a better civilization for all. What we are against from the West is its colonialism in all its shapes and sizes."

After the mullahs, the most visible opposition to the Shah has come from the universities, where there is frequent agitation. Some students are Marxists who preach outright revolution. Many are Muslim activists, following the mullahs in their demands for an Islamic state. Vast numbers of others are caught up in the revolution of rising expectations; growing up in an atmosphere of increasing affluence, they are frustrated by the slow pace of economic and political change.

Up to now, Iranian students seem to have had more impact abroad than at home. This year 100,000 Iranians are

gram is largely a myth. "People are fighting with the regime because the Shah never did make land reforms," insists Farhad Enhya, a spokesman for the Iranian Student Organization at U.C.L.A. "Whatever he did, he took back. The people don't have education. They don't have health care."

The Shah has often been criticized for enjoying a sumptuous life-style while his people suffer economic distress. His Imperial Majesty, Shahanshah (King of Kings) is, at 58, trim and fit. He and his wife, Empress Farah, 40, Crown Prince Reza, 18, and three other children, shuttle among five palaces in Iran. The Shah enjoys a good game of tennis, skiing at St. Moritz, and flying his own JetStar. He works even harder than he plays, frequently putting in 15-hour days, which

by plainly dictatorial methods and at times torture and terror—were remarkable. When the Shah came to power, Iran's illiteracy rate was 95%; today it is 50%. In the 1940s the school population was about 275,000, and Iran had only one institute of higher education; this year a notably improved educational system will receive 10 million pupils, and there are now some 200 colleges and universities. As recently as 1960, only 2% of Iran's women had attended a university; today, women make up 38% of the university population. Having all but ended tribalism and feudalism, the Shah has redistributed land to 16 million people.

Despite his fear of the Russians, the Shah receives extensive aid from the U.S.S.R. By Soviet count, 134 projects have been launched with Moscow's help, among them metallurgical plants, engineering facilities and a trans-Iranian trunk gas pipeline. Last March the Soviets built a new blast furnace at Isfahan, new smelting and rolling mills will follow soon. All told, these projects are claimed to account for the production of 90% of all coal in Iran, almost 90% of the iron ore and 70% of the steel.

But Moscow is also the enemy, and in recognition of this and his pivotal role as the guardian of the Persian Gulf oil lanes, the Shah has become commander in chief of one of the mightiest military machines in the Middle East. In 20 years, he has bought \$36 billion in arms—half from the U.S. He has submarines from West Germany, tanks from Britain, frigates from Holland. His air force flies 141 F-4Es, 64 F-14As, 20 F-14s; and 180 more jets are on order. He has spent \$500 million on 491 Bell helicopters, and will pay out another \$500 million to train his men to fly them. Washington evaluates the Shah's army as an intensely loyal, well-equipped force. Manpower is 220,000, with 300,000 reserves.

The immense investment in military hardware has left the Shah open to charges that some of that money—which has helped him hold the allegiance of the military—should have been spent to improve civilian living conditions. Though a booming city, Tehran suffers a severe water shortage. Housing costs have shot up. The drop in oil income in the past three years (because of the fall of the dollar), though only 3%, found Iran financially overextended. As a result, many development projects simply came to a halt. Inflation leaped to 50% a year, profiteering became widespread, and the confluence of troubles served to highlight some of the faults that have long characterized the Shah's modernization program.

By last summer, excessive bureaucracy, credit difficulties, erratic cash flow, transport and communications bottlenecks were prevalent. Once again, the expectations of the poor and middle class were frustrated. Rent for a modest two-



Masked protesters in Williamsburg, Va., greeting Shah during his visit to the U.S. last year. Iranian students abroad have formed a vocal vanguard in almost every major city.

studying in other countries—more than 37,000 in the U.S. alone—because there is no room for them at their own universities. Angered and articulate, they have formed a vocal vanguard against the Shah in almost every major city in the world, airing their opposition with slogans in the London subway or demonstrations in Los Angeles, Washington or New York City. Many wear masks when they demonstrate for fear that agents of SAVAK, the heavyhanded Iranian secret police, or authorities in other countries will gather incriminating data on them. Under the Iranian constitution, castigating the Shah, even abroad, is a crime punishable by three to ten years in prison.

Few foreign students express anything but scorn for the Shah and condemnation of his U.S. supporters. Says Phyllis Bennis, a California attorney representing 165 Iranian students who were arrested in a Los Angeles demonstration last week: "Iran has been made a prime market in the Middle East. The Shah is a tool of the U.S. corporations." Others charge that the Shah's modernization pro-

gram are often spent conferring with a handful of trusted advisers.

The country he inherited 37 years ago was not only backward and riven by tribal conflict but notoriously unstable; there had not been a single peaceful succession since Cyrus the Great in the 6th century B.C. In the two decades before his army officer father, Reza Shah, seized power in a military coup in 1921, there had been five different Shahs, a civil war and several coups d'état. In 1941 the Shah's father, a German sympathizer, was forced to abdicate when the Allies needed a secure route to channel war supplies to Russia. British and Soviet forces occupied Iran, and Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, then 22, took power. After the war, the Soviets stayed on and set up a puppet regime in the northern province of Azerbaijan. The young Shah brought the issue before the United Nations Security Council and succeeded in having them thrown out.

His national integrity secured, the Shah turned to the task of modernization. His achievements—often accomplished

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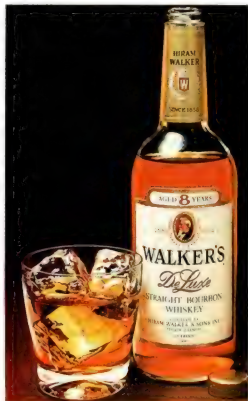
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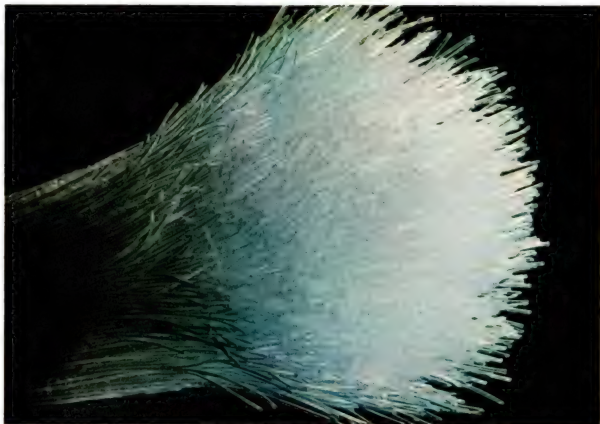
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World

room apartment in Tehran rose to \$1,000 a month. For luxury villas in the northern part of the city, a monthly rent of \$5,000 was not considered extravagant. There was a year's wait for a \$6,000 Iranian-manufactured automobile: imported Mercedes 280s sold for \$60,000.

The effects of "progress" were often disastrous. Hundreds of thousands of peasants fled their native villages for the lure of more profitable work in the cities, leaving formerly cultivated farm land to revert to desert. At the same time, Iran, which for ages had been all but self-sufficient, suddenly had to import more than 60% of its food products. Along with imports of food came more than 1 million foreign workers: Pakistani and Fil-

ipino truck drivers, Indian engineers, Korean and Japanese workers—to say nothing of the more than 40,000 American military and civilian personnel whose advice and training were needed for the new weapons and industries. But for most Iranians the pattern of life changed slowly, if at all. Most villages still lack piped water, sewers, electricity and doctors.

Much of the trouble stemmed from the fact that commercial projects were designed by a small group of Western-educated technocrats, who failed to take into account the profound effect that such changes would have on the Persian psyche. Housing projects, for example, are depressing to most Iranians, whose tra-

dition demands an architectural style that emphasizes seclusion and privacy. Many residents of such projects feel as though they are living in public view, and they detest it. Tehran Sociologist Ehsan Naraghi, who received his doctorate from the Sorbonne, believes that under the pressure of economic development there has been a tragic and costly neglect of Iranian culture. "We have stressed the material aspects of life," he says, "and have lost our cultural identity." Adds Amir Taheri, 38, editor in chief of *Kayhan*, Iran's largest daily (circ. 700,000): "What does this Westernize-or-bust program give us? Western banks. Western guns. Western secret police, Western buildings. They are supposed to solve our problems. But

The Gentle Scholar of Qum

Turbaned, gray-bearded and bespectacled Ayatullah Shari'etmadari, 76, looks like anything but a revolutionary. He has a kindly, gentle manner. A revered scholar, he spends most of his days sitting on the floor of his bone-bare home in Qum, discussing the subtleties of Islamic thought with theological students who come to him from all over the Muslim world. His name is less a symbol of political resistance than that of Ayatullah Khomeini, 80, who has been in exile since 1963 and now lives in Iraq. But among those mullahs still inside Iran, Shari'etmadari is the acknowledged leader of his nation's conservative forces, and the man who personifies the greatest challenge that the Shah has faced in a generation.

The old teacher possesses a humility and simplicity that contrast dramatically with the haughty demeanor of the Shah. "Here there is no professor-student relationship," says a pupil. "What we have is dialogue. We sit as equals with him, staying until we have mastered a series of books on Islam. It is age, learning and holiness that distinguish him from the rest of us." But Shari'etmadari is also tough and politically canny. He opposes the regime for many reasons, including its record of torture, censorship and bribery. Despite his public modesty, he displays total confidence about his status among his 32 million Shi'ite Muslim followers.

After a student was killed in his house by paratroopers earlier this year, Shari'etmadari said calmly: "In the eyes of the nation, this incident was enough to cause a revolution. People came to me asking for the order to make a revolution, but I advised them to remain quiet."

When *TIME* Correspondent Dean Breis visited him last week, Shari'etmadari spoke of his hatred of terrorism and strongly condemned the burning of an Abadan moviehouse last month in which 377 people perished. "I am absolutely against bloodshed," he said. "I have advised anyone who will listen that we should make our grievances known, but not with bloodshed, and I believe we will be heard. My only demand is enforcement of the constitution. We would like freedom of expression and we want a government of the people by the people. That has been our message." Among his requests: the appointment, as called for by the constitution, of a five-mullah watchdog committee in parliament.

Asked if he foresees any danger of a Communist takeover, Shari'etmadari said: "I am afraid that if the situation worsens, and it could, a foreign power will interfere. If the government would heed our warning, there would be no danger of Communism. If it does not, then I am afraid it will be the Communists' gain."

As always, Shari'etmadari refused to criticize the Shah openly. When a reporter asked him recently whether he advocated the removal of the Shah, Shari'etmadari said crisply: "Withdraw that question."



One of the 500 mosques of Qum, where opposition began



Ayatullah Shari'etmadari meeting with other religious leaders in his home

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Dissidents' portrait of Ayatollah Khomeini
Opposition to the Shah's "satanic power."

do they? I don't think so. We need to get to our own culture and then use what can be integrated from the West."

Explaining why she joined the National Front, a coalition of leftist parties opposed to the Shah, Dr. Homa Darabi Keyhani, 38, a New York City-trained pediatrician and child psychiatrist, recalls her experiences as a doctor in a small Iranian village ten years ago. The people had a saying that the first child belonged to the crows—because of the likelihood that it would not survive. "That is bitter and terrible to hear," she says. "Millions were spent to build big gambling casinos. Corruption thrived around us while kids died because they drank contaminated water, and there was no vaccine for infectious diseases. Do you wonder that we are desperate?"

Belatedly, and at great cost, the Shah himself has begun to comprehend the real nature of Iran's malaise and his role in its creation (see Interview page 43). In other societies run by strong rulers—Lee Kuan Yew's Singapore, Leopold Senghor's Senegal, Tito's Yugoslavia—literate and cultivated populations have succeeded in matching political progress with economic and cultural development. But Iran's unique society, so influenced by its religious structure and rooted for centuries in a different world, simply could not adjust to such radical change. The Shah failed to realize that the dramatic alterations he envisioned for the economic advancement of his nation required the development of an acceptable political system. He concentrated on the army and the institutions that related to executive power. He ruled as an absolute monarch—no matter how worthy his goals—and depended on repressive measures to keep

disparate forces in line while he and the technocrats proceeded with the modernization of Iran. Parliament, the press, city councils, the judiciary, trade unions, professional associations were never given a chance to develop.

Meanwhile, corruption persisted. Commissions of 10% on arms sales regularly went to generals, ministers and others in the Shah's court and government. The total prohibition of the right to dissent and documented reports of torture led Amnesty International in 1975 to conclude that "no country in the world has a worse record in human rights than Iran." The Shah's instinctive dislike of democracy led him that same year to end the country's two-party system and establish the *Rastakhiz* (National Resurgence Party) as Iran's sole political organization.

Amir Abbas Hoveida, Premier from 1965 to 1977, now concedes that it was a mistake to neglect political freedoms. Says Hoveida: "It was more important to have a four-lane highway than to show an interest in political institutions. Economics was our No. 1 problem. Politics was subservient to the economy. But we have been able to get this country out of the orbit of underdevelopment. Now how do we get our spaceship to enter the orbit of developed nations?"

Many American observers agree that the Shah created his own problem in failing to forge a democratic system of political participation. "The Shah has been imaginative and flexible in his economic and foreign policy, but not politically," says Professor J.C. Hurewitz, director of Columbia University's Middle East Institute. "He's given no freedom to the Iranian intellectuals. The result is that Iran suffers from a political vacuum: the people feel left out of things." One hopeful sign may be that the opposition does not have a common ground. Thus for their own purposes, both left and right would probably be satisfied if they were given a greater voice in government and if constitutional restrictions were placed on the Shah's absolutism.

Washington does not believe last week's violent eruptions mean that the Shah is likely to step aside—or be ousted. "It could get nasty or it could settle down," says a U.S. intelligence official. "But we don't feel that he is threatened or has lost control." Still, the U.S. is concerned over the recent events and the dangers they pose for the West. The Administration has been careful not to upset what one State Department official calls "our most complex relationship." The reason is simple enough: few countries in the world are as important to the U.S. strategically and geopolitically. This is because of Iran's pro-Western stance, its location on the Soviet border, its relations with its important but far less stable neighbors, and its moderating role in the Middle East. The Shah is, in

short, a bulwark of anti-Communism at the confluence of the Persian Gulf oil routes (see following story).

It is a hopeful sign that in recent months the Shah has begun to make visible reforms in the political and human rights affairs of the nation. He fired the head of SAVAK, who had been identified with that agency's most notorious terror tactics, freed a number of prisoners, and promised to allow dissidents to be tried in civilian rather than military courts. But some specialists in the region blame those small liberalizing measures for the present turmoil. Says one: "Many Iranians took these changes as a sign that the Shah was weakening and responded with almost total cynicism."

Deeply wounded by events spawned from his own dream for Iran, the Shah last week was searching for ways to calm his troubled people. His son, Crown Prince Reza, now in advance fighter-pilot training in Texas, telephoned his father and suggested that he try a dialogue with his opponents. It may have been good advice. With his country under martial law, the Shah's best hope now is to turn forthrightly toward the elusive, and in his case potentially hazardous, goal of democracy. If he sticks to his own target date for parliamentary elections next June, he may still be able to guarantee his future by yielding some of his absolute rule and compromising on a constitutional monarchy. At the same time, he would enhance the stability of a region that might turn to chaos in his absence. If the Shah fails—and that is now something even his most loyal subjects consider at least conceivable—the end of his long rule will not have come at the hands of a foreign power, or the dissidents, or the army, but from social forces that he simply failed to perceive as he tried to modernize his historic remnant of the Persian Empire.



The Shah with the Empress Farah
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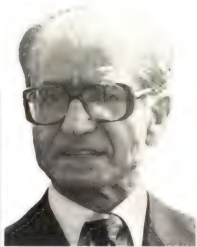
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An Interview with the Shah

"We can easily build a factory, but how do you educate politicians?"



Scarcely 24 hours after he had declared martial law, the Shah of Iran described the problems of his troubled country to TIME. Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, Cairo Correspondent Dean Brels and Tehran Reporter Parviz Ruzin. As he began this extraordinary interview in his private office at Saadabad Palace, the Shah was plainly an immensely saddened man. It showed in his face, which was grim and gaunt, and in his eyes, which were tired and melancholy. Even his dress, so often elegant, was somber. He wore a dark, formal suit, an unadorned white shirt and a narrow, conservative tie. There was little life and much caution in his voice. He answered questions after long and painful pauses. A few paces behind him stood a security man. Outside, there were tanks around the grounds—the first time in 25 years that tanks have been seen at the palace. Highlights from the 90-minute interview.

On the troubles of the past week and the imposition of martial law. The demonstrators defied the law. They were trying to demonstrate their strength and challenge the authority of the state. The state first tried to use minimum force. After due consideration, the government saw no other way but to enforce martial law. The instigators would stop at nothing to undermine the state.

On the future policy of the government. It is certain that the main program, which is the liberalization and democratization of the country and then real, free elections, will continue. Martial law is for six months, and it will end before the elections start. In the meantime, all aspects of freedom, free speech and everything, will be absolutely carried out. But democracy will take place in the parliament, as in any civilized country.

On whether it was a mistake to emphasize economic development over the years at the expense of developing sound political institutions. Maybe I think that is true. We can easily build a factory, but how do you educate politicians? In what period of time can you educate politicians? What we are sure of now is that something was wrong. Something, somewhere, or many things, many places, were wrong. Otherwise you wouldn't have this unnatural situation where per capita income rose from \$160 to \$2,300 lat the same time as all the political unrest.

On whether the reforms can continue despite the martial law. We have not stopped the clock. We will not go back. This should give the government enough time to carry out the reforms. When I say it [that he is going through with the democratization and the elections], people should believe it. I have no other interest than that. Why should I care who comes into the parliament? I only care that the people be represented.

On why he feels he cannot permit the legalization of the Tudeh, or Communist, Party. This question should be related to our geographic position. We have to ask ourselves whether our geographic position will permit this or that [party or political organization]. While the Shah is reluctant to spell out what he means on the record, interviews in Tehran make clear that he is concerned that an aboveground Tudeh would serve as a Trojan horse for the Soviet Union, and the Shah is reliably reported to have worried privately that in some future political crisis, legalized Iranian Communists might seek and get the "fraternal assistance" of the Soviet Union, the way Alexander Dubček's political enemies did in Czechoslovakia in 1968.

On the nature of his opposition and the link between the left and the conservative clergy. In the old days it was hard to believe that a Catholic priest could become a Communist, but then it could happen that a Communist would get an order to go and become a Catholic.

On the widespread complaint that he has abandoned Islam and failed as his countrymen's defender of the faith. That charge is not right. In so many of my decisions, writings and actions I have shown my commitment to my religion. First, there are the books I have written. Second, there are all the holy places I have restored.

Third, there are the pilgrimages I have made. And there's also what I say.

On his dejection. Obviously any problem facing my country affects me. I cannot dissociate myself.

On whether this is his gravest hour. (With a grim smile) We have had many hours, including some grave ones.

On the effect of the Carter human rights policy on Iran. Well, when we started to liberalize two years ago, it was with the perfect understanding and knowledge that the democratic way will be our way in the future. Everything that was done was to secure our democratic future. And that was two years ago [he means to emphasize that he initiated the liberalization before the Carter Administration came into office].

On whether the Carter human rights campaign has emboldened his opponents. Well, maybe you should ask them.

On the investigation into the Abadan fire. We have two people [suspects]. One was arrested in Iraq and handed over to us. But the investigation is progressing very slowly. It will take time and patience, because we are not using any methods, you know, it's been a long time since we stopped torture. So it takes a very long time.

On how the first night of curfew [Friday] went. It was calm. But we must expect acts of sabotage and eventually terror. The reason is that the way things were going before [martial law], they [his opponents] didn't have to resort to that. They could have taken over the country—and I don't mean slowly. But if that is not possible for them, then they will resort to certain acts of sabotage and arson.

On whether there is a resurgence of politically active Islamic conservatism throughout the Muslim world, and whether because of his forced-march modernization policies, he has been caught on the cutting edge of the resistance. Yes, and I don't mind that. I personally believe that Islam is not opposed to progress. In a normal atmosphere, faith is needed by a society and adds to its stability and its strength. I'm talking about Islam—and not political slogans.

On his vision of Iran's future. We shall do our duty. I mean our duty to remain an independent country. And I think that our fate will have a great influence on the fate of the democratic, non-Communist countries. ■

COVER STORIES, CONTINUED

CENTO: A Tattered Alliance

Playing the great game in a geopolitical disaster area

Twenty-three years ago Iran, along with Pakistan and Turkey, became America's Southwest Asian ally in the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO). Today these nations on the southern flank of the Soviet Union are more than ever distressed about the growing political instability in their midst—and the potential that this creates for Kremlin mischief. Last week, after touring the volatile CENTO countries, TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Sirobe Talbot wrote this assessment from Tehran:

When the Shah of Iran looks at a map of his region he has a nightmare vision. He sees a Communist pincer movement closing in on him from South Yemen in the south and Afghanistan in the east. He once remarked, "Whenever I get up in the morning, I always ask what happened the night before on the Arabian peninsula and in Afghanistan." The Shah is convinced that the crisis facing his nation is the result of a cunningly executed master plan conceived years ago by the Soviet Union.

In Washington, when U.S. policymakers look at the same map, they do not see a Kremlin blueprint taking form, but they are nonetheless deeply concerned. They can imagine a "Finlandized" or neutralized Turkey, a Sovietized Afghanistan, a Balkanized Pakistan and an Iran in some still unpredictable state of disarray. Politically tenuous and strategically crucial, this band of non-Arab Islamic countries stretches from the Bosphorus in the west to the Hindu Kush in the east—nearly 3,000 miles of buffer between Russia and the warm waters of the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea. It is potentially a geopolitical disaster area, in which the strategic balance is shifting in favor of the U.S.S.R., and Washington has no clear idea of what to do about it.

Since czarist times, the rulers of Russia have probed southward, seeking access to the southern sea lanes that are now major oil routes and thus the life-line of the industrialized world. So far, the Western powers have succeeded in thwarting the Russians. In the 19th century the British Empire, from such places as Ottoman Turkey, Persia and the frontiers of India, intrigued and battled against Russian expansion. Britain's Prime Minister Lord Palmerston seemed to delight in all the machinations, to him, in a phrase first attributed to Rudyard Kipling, it was "the great game." In the

20th century the game has continued, with somewhat different rules and different players. The Soviets have replaced the czars, and the U.S. has supplanted Britain.

Washington entered the game in 1955 with the creation of the Baghdad pact, a virtual invention of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who envisioned the alliance as a Southwest Asian counterpart of NATO. The original members, in addition to Turkey, Iran and Pakistan, were Iraq and Britain; the U.S. was an associate member. Iraq was dropped after a radical leftist government came to power in 1958, and the alliance moved its headquarters from Baghdad to Ankara. The diplomats and generals who renamed the organization CENTO presumably never

threaten the Shah. Pakistani mullahs last year played a key role in bringing down the government of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and precipitating martial law. In Turkey, politically active Muslims could hold the balance in the next government crisis.

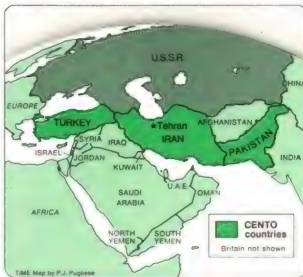
These factors have all served to erode any feeling of collective security in CENTO. In Islamabad, officials fear that the Shah's troubles might spill over into Pakistan, and in Tehran it is the other way around. Says one Pakistani official: "If the Shah, with all his might and wealth, can't keep the lid on, that will only encourage elements here who would like to see us come apart at the seams." Warns a high-ranking Iranian: "If the Pakistanis start to have really serious trouble with Baluchistan [a province in the west of the country whose tribal population is demanding autonomy], you mark my words, we're going to have trouble with our own Baluch minority on our side of the border."

CENTO was conceived as a mutual security pact, but at least two of its members, Iran and Pakistan, are undergoing paroxysms of mutual insecurity. Hence the decision of Pakistan's chief martial law administrator, General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, to visit Tehran for consultations with the Shah last weekend. "It promises to be a most melancholy conversation," commented an official of the Iranian imperial court.

Contributing to the anxiety of Iran and Pakistan is the recent shift leftward of their common neighbor Afghanistan. In April a leftist junta overthrew and killed President Mohammad Daoud. American policymakers are reserving judgment on the nature and course of the new regime, but in Tehran and Islamabad the judgment is in, and it is thoroughly pessimistic. If somewhat alarmist. Iranian and

Pakistani officials are certain that the coup was instigated by Moscow. After more than a century as a neutral buffer state in the great game, Afghanistan, they say, is now a Soviet satellite. "We, Pakistan, are now the buffer state," argues a foreign office man in Islamabad.

Tehran authorities are further convinced that the Soviet KGB has for years been patiently pursuing a plot to use Afghanistan as a base for stirring up trouble in the Baluch areas of Iran and Pakistan. These observers claim that they have seen a map, drawn in Moscow and secured by the Iranian intelligence service, showing a Greater Baluchistan that would connect the U.S.S.R. with the Arabian Sea. Similarly, an Islamabad diplomat refers darkly to the "Moscow-Kabul-Delhi axis." The Russians, he insists, "are now at the Khyber Pass." Certainly this is an exaggeration if not a delusion. It is also self-

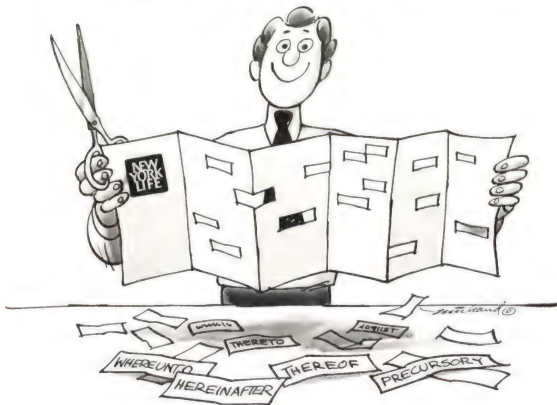


er bothered to check the dictionary, which defines "cento" as "a patchwork of incongruous parts"—hardly the most desirable connotation for a regional military alliance.

Today the patchwork is in shreds. At every level its members are beset by serious, interrelated troubles, and some leaders fear the great game is in danger of being lost. Iran, for all its pretensions to being a modern arsenal, is torn by internal dissent. Insofar as the nation is able to look outward, it is the only regional CENTO power that regards the Soviet Union as its principal enemy.

Turkey is preoccupied by its enmity with Greece. Pakistan is distracted by its fear and hatred of India. At the same time, Turkey and Pakistan both face their own versions of the resurgent Islamic anti-Westernism and conservatism that now

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serving. The Pakistanis would like nothing better than to receive large-scale U.S. aid both to shore up the crumbling southern tier and to bolster their own security.

But the alarmism may be self-fulfilling. Iranians and Pakistanis are convinced that Afghanistan is a dagger pointed at their hearts, and they are deeply annoyed by Washington's cautious, wait-and-see attitude toward the regime of President Noor Mohammad Taraki in Kabul. An official of the new Iranian Cabinet argues that it is "naïve" of the U.S. not to recognize Afghanistan as the Russian bear's paw in the region.

When asked what they think the U.S. should have done to stop the April coup or what the U.S. should do now about Afghanistan, Iranian and Pakistani critics merely lapse into vague expressions of frustration: they have few recommendations. But that, too, is part of the problem with CENTO: it is afflicted with a profound, inarticulate discontent with American policy, which is viewed as "retreat," "withdrawal," "failure of will" or "abandonment."

In Rawalpindi last week, General Zia told TIME: "I have a feeling that the U.S. has given up its claims and interests in this region." As for CENTO, he called it "a treaty on paper with no significance whatsoever—no teeth, no backing." Among other CENTO leaders there is mounting impatience with the vagaries of U.S. public opinion as reflected in such congressional actions as the Turkish arms embargo and aid cuts for countries that try to acquire a nuclear capability.

They also regard Carter Administration policies as quixotic and punitive. Pakistan, for example, is furious over Washington's jawboning nuclear nonproliferation activities, which recently led France to cancel a contract to provide Pakistan with a nuclear reprocessing plant. The result, says Zia, is that "this is perhaps the lowest point [the U.S.-Pakistan] relationship has reached."

Iransians, meanwhile, complain bitterly about the Carter human rights campaign, which they feel has spurred on the opposition that now threatens the survival of the Shah. There is scarce evidence that the human rights policy significantly influenced the outbreak of dissent in Iran, but the official perception—and resentment—is very real.

The subject of Turkey comes up continually in Tehran and Islamabad. "Turkey is entering much more into talks with the Soviet Union than it has in the past," says Zia. "This is understandable because they've found that their so-called traditional allies have let them down."

Pakistan is doing a little bridge build-

ing of its own with the Russians, despite its traditionally close ties with China. Earlier this year Zia dispatched a high-level delegation to Moscow. The ostensible purpose was to secure an additional \$250 million in credits to finish a steel mill in Karachi that the Pakistanis are building with Soviet help. But in an interview with TIME, Zia made clear that another purpose of the mission was to warn the U.S. that "I must have my own opening—I must have our options open."

The Pakistanis and Turks also resent, and reject, what they have privately dubbed "the Brzezinski Doctrine." That describes the Carter Administration's policy of relying on "regional influentials"—Zbigniew Brzezinski's term—to shoulder much of the burden of maintaining security in their area. The "influentials" in this case are Iran and India—and the concept annoys Turkey and terrifies Pakistan. Says Zia angrily: "If the U.S. is thinking of aligning with pillars of strength in this region, then I'm not having any part of it. Instead of turning to Tehran and New Delhi, why can't Pakistan turn somewhere else?"



Afghanistan's Taraki, Pakistan's Zia and Turkey's Ecevit

To kill CENTO would be to send out wrong signals at the wrong time.

Zia wants the CENTO charter rewritten so that Pakistan could call for alliance help if threatened by an "indirect" Soviet attack. Washington interprets this as an unwarranted commitment to defend Zia in the event of another Indo-Pakistani war, and will have none of it. In response, the Pakistanis talk about the advantages of withdrawing from CENTO and joining the nonaligned movement. Says Zia: "CENTO is becoming a hindrance to Pakistan's security." Besides, he adds, "in the current day, it's better to be nonaligned than aligned. Look at India and Afghanistan. Both under the Soviet Union, yet they're supposed to be non-aligned countries. Look at Cuba—a nonaligned country. Today there are countries that are nonaligned yet are much more secure than those that are aligned under the CENTO pact."

Indeed, both Pakistan and Turkey seem to be veering toward the "non-aligned movement." Pakistan has already achieved "guest status" in the group, and Turkey is applying for the same.

Like the Pakistanis, the Turks feel betrayed by the U.S. They provoked the

wrath and sanctions of the U.S. Congress by using American weapons to invade Cyprus in 1974. The embargo was partly lifted this summer, but the government of Premier Bülent Ecevit in Ankara believes with some justification that the strength of the Greek-American lobby in the U.S. has tilted Washington's policy permanently against Turkey. As for the Shah, he has called CENTO "a nice club," although these days it is not all that nice and not all that clubby.

For that matter, Washington also has long been disillusioned with CENTO. Henry Kissinger used to regard his yearly visits to CENTO ministerial meetings as little more than nuisances of protocol, redeemed only by the opportunity to discuss Cyprus with the Turks. An American diplomat stationed in the region dismisses the alliance as "little more than a symbol, and not a very shining one at that." His colleagues joke grimly that the telecommunication system linking Ankara, Tehran and Rawalpindi, installed by the U.S. in 1964, is so often out of order that phone calls are frequently routed

from Tehran to Pakistan via New York.

Ironically, one of CENTO's firmest boosters is the People's Republic of China. In Tehran last month, China's Chairman Hua Kuo-feng told the Shah that he was concerned about what an Iranian official later paraphrased as "the moral, physical and political deterioration of the traditional groupings in the area."

China has close ties to Pakistan, even though it is miffed with the Zia regime for last year's overthrow of Bhutto, whom Peking admired, and by Pakistan's tentative moves toward an accommodation with Moscow. So, in the geopolitics of the '70s, China ranks as a sort of honorary member of CENTO.

The question is whether to let CENTO fade away or revitalize it. Some veteran American diplomats argue that it should have been dismantled years ago. But virtually no one proposes that this should be done now. However much an anachronism the alliance may have become, it would be a mistake for Washington to shut it down, especially in the wake of the post-Viet Nam retrenchment and the demise of CENTO's Far Eastern cousin, SEATO. Says a top official of the Carter Administration: "Killing CENTO off now would be sending everybody all the wrong signals at the wrong time."

Still, no one in Washington or elsewhere has been able to devise a plan for breathing life into the organization. Thus the U.S. and its mistrustful and divided friends continue to hold on to a tattered alliance as they play the great game. ■



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RHODESIA

Seeds of Political Destruction

A new crisis follows a secret meeting and a massacre

It was a genuine horror story, calculated to make the most alarming of Rhodesian doomsday prophecies seem true. As a blood-red sun was sinking behind the thorn trees on the Zambezi escarpment, a lumbering Air Rhodesia Viscount airliner took off from Kariba on a flight to Salisbury. Ten minutes later the pilot, John Hood, 36, reported that he had lost control of his starboard engines. "We're going in," he radioed. In a few moments, his craft

Patriotic Front guerrillas, denied that his troops had slain the ten survivors of the crash, but proudly boasted that his men had indeed shot down the plane. Such civilian craft, he claimed, were sometimes used by the Salisbury government for military missions. Rhodesian authorities at first denied that the plane had been shot down, but after four days of investigation confirmed that it had been hit by a heat-seeking missile, presumably an SA-7 of the kind the Soviet Un-

Ironically, such an agreement was exactly what Prime Minister Ian Smith had been seeking when he met secretly with Nkomo in Lusaka, Zambia, last month. Convinced that his "internal settlement" with three moderate black leaders had failed because it had not brought an end to the fighting, Smith had flown to the Zambian capital to see Nkomo on Aug. 14. Smith urged Nkomo to join the Salisbury government and thereby, in effect, dump his Marxist co-leader of the Patriotic Front, Robert Mugabe. In return, Smith promised to help Nkomo become the first President of an independent Zimbabwe, as the country will be known, and at that time Nkomo's guerrillas would merge with the existing security forces.

The meeting was a risky undertaking for all concerned. Smith was acting without the consent of his partners on the Executive Council, notably Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabani Sithole, who had joined the interim government last March. Nkomo was acting without the support of his colleague, Mugabe. And Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda was hosting the meeting without the express approval of his fellow "front-line" Presidents Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, Samora Machel of Mozambique, Agostinho Neto of Angola and Seretse Khama of Botswana, with whom he has been jointly seeking a Rhodesian settlement.

There were several sticking points, notably the question of the makeup of the future army. Smith wanted his Rhodesian security forces to remain in control during the transition period, which could last several months and perhaps a year. Nkomo insisted that the guerrillas should be in charge. Mugabe arrived in Lusaka several days later, was briefed on the Smith meeting by Nigerian officials involved in the negotiations, and then sought the advice of several other African leaders. Both Nyerere and Machel argued that Smith was not really prepared to withdraw in favor of a Patriotic Front-dominated government, and that the price of the Front's cooperation should be a letter of resignation by Smith. It was Nyerere who revealed to the press on Sept. 1 that the secret meeting had taken place. Nkomo at first denied the report as "a load of rubbish." Later he reluctantly confirmed it.

The showdown came when the five front-line Presidents and the Patriotic Front leaders assembled in Lusaka. Kaunda and Angolan President Neto defended Nkomo's action in meeting with Smith, reasoning that any contacts that could end the war and bring the Front to power should be encouraged. Nyerere and Machel accused Nkomo of trying to reach a private agreement with Smith at the expense of Mugabe, and insisted that any negotiation should be conducted through the British government as the legal colonial power in Rhodesia. At one point during the acrimonious nine-hour meeting, Nkomo shouted: "I haven't come here to be attacked!"



Patriotic Front Co-Leader Joshua Nkomo and Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith

"Please don't shoot us," they begged, and Nkomo's reputation suffered when they died.

crashed into the thick bushland of the Whamira Hills.

Of the 56 people on board, 38 died in the crash. Five of the 18 survivors struggled free and left immediately in search of water. Three of the remaining 13 were miraculously spared by hiding when, half an hour later, nine armed guerrilla soldiers arrived. "It's only because I know a terrorist when I see one that I'm still alive," recalled Anthony Hill, 39, an army reservist. He hid in the bush. At first the guerrillas, clad in jungle green uniforms, seemed friendly, promising help. But then they herded together the ten people at the wreckage, robbed them of their valuables, and finally cut them down with automatic weapons fire. From another hiding place, businessman Hans Hansen and his wife Diana could hear the victims crying. "Please don't shoot us!" as the firing began. Dazed by the ordeal, Hansen said later: "I'll never be able to get that moment out of my mind."

From his headquarters in neighboring Zambia, Joshua Nkomo, co-leader of the

ion has been supplying the guerrillas.

The incident turned the tense mood of Salisbury uglier than ever. Middle-aged businessmen talked of taking up arms. A group of whites in a mixed Salisbury bar, fingering the triggers of rifles, ordered blacks who sat beside them to get out. The blacks did not tarry. Rumors circulated that two young whites, after hearing of the massacre, stopped their car and shot the first black man they saw. In Parliament, a backbencher called for martial law and general mobilization, and blustered that Africa was about to see "its first race of really angry white men." Almost certainly there would be acts of vengeance by the Rhodesian armed forces, probably in the form of retaliatory raids against guerrilla camps in Zambia and Mozambique. Even many whites who had begun to seem receptive to the idea of eventual black rule in Rhodesia wondered, after hearing Nkomo claim responsibility for the air crash in a BBC interview, wondered anew whether there could be a political agreement with him.



Rhodesian troops and airline officials sift through wreckage of Air Rhodesia Viscount airliner shot down by a heat-seeking missile

The summit ended the next day, with bitter denunciations. When Nyerere announced that the front-line states had agreed not to arrange any further direct contacts with Smith, Nkomo angrily retorted: "Nyerere is not the final authority on what may happen in Zimbabwe. He can't tell us what to do." Under "certain conditions," added Nkomo, he would talk with Smith again.

But Smith's ability to engage in such negotiations was seriously compromised by increasing Rhodesian anger over the air-crash massacre. When he and his wife arrived at the Anglican Cathedral in Salisbury to attend a memorial service for the victims, two men in the crowd of whites outside held banners reading: "Prime Minister, give Nkomo a message from us when you meet him secretly next time: 'Go to hell, you murdering bastard.'"

Responding to the popular mood, Smith told his Parliament that he would soon take "positive and firm" measures that would not be popular with the outside world; presumably he meant attacks on guerrilla bases in Zambia and Mozambique. His government also announced that because of the security situation, elections that were supposed to be held by Dec. 31 would have to be postponed for two or three months.

The week's events left every significant political alliance in the Rhodesian crisis under serious strain. Smith has angered his Executive Council colleagues, one of whose aides called him a traitor. After such a split, he may find it difficult to count on their future support. One danger, in fact, is that an angry Muzorewa might one day decide to bolt to the Patriotic Front. As for Nkomo and Mugabe, they are more suspicious of each other than ever before. Even their mentors, the leaders of the front-line states, are now divided by a serious dispute.

One of the more troubling aspects of the latest crisis was the light it threw on Joshua Nkomo. Until now, it had been assumed by many that the pragmatic and ambitious Nkomo was the strongest candidate to lead an independent Zimbabwe



As a Rhodesian trooper stands guard, others examine charred luggage and debris



Businessman Hans Hansen and Wife Diana describe the massacre of ten survivors

The Prime Minister's ability to negotiate was seriously compromised.

—even though, as a member of the minority Matabele tribe, he would lack the wholehearted support of the powerful Mashona peoples, who form about 80% of the country's population. But Nkomo's performance last week, in the aftermath of the crash and the massacre, raised new doubts about his qualifications for national leadership.

Britain's Foreign Secretary David

Owen put the best light on a sorry situation when he observed that even as the Rhodesians "now have the seeds of their future prosperity within their grasp, so they also have the seeds of their destruction." The problem was that, with every alliance weakened by the latest events, it was hard to imagine which individual or group would be strong enough to make the next move toward a settlement. ■

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World

BRITAIN

Passing a Patch of Blue Sky

Callaghan postpones an autumn election

London's bookies were already taking bets on the election's outcome. An estimated \$1 million worth of Tory Party advertising was bursting from billboards and TV sets proclaiming **LABOR ISN'T WORKING**. Conservative Party Leader Margaret Thatcher, 52, canceled a holiday trip to France and waded into a twelve-hour-a-day schedule of speeches and political appearances. For his part, Prime Minister James ("Sunny Jim") Callaghan, 66, seemed as caught up as everyone else in a pre-election whirl, trumpeting the virtues of his Labor Party at the annual Trades Union Congress in a rousing partisan speech that brought delegates to their feet.

But last week the election balloon that had seemed to be nearing takeoff in Britain for most of the summer ran flat out of hot air. In a move that stunned pundits and outraged political opponents, the Prime Minister announced in a four-minute televised address to his countrymen that his minority Labor government would not call for a general election next month, as nearly everyone thought it would. Declared Callaghan: "The government must and will continue to carry out policies which are consistent and determined, which do not chop and change..." In practical terms, that almost certainly postponed Britain's next election

until spring, and under the law Callaghan could draw out the suspense until the following November.

Britain's P.M. watchers had been expecting Callaghan to move ever since the sagging Liberal Party walked out on the 17-month-old "Lib-Lab" pact in August, taking with it its 13 crucial parliamentary votes. That left Labor nine votes short of a majority—and, in the opinion of most analysts, with little choice but to go to the polls. Instead, Callaghan evidently patched together a working majority by bargaining for the 14 years and nays held by Welsh and Scottish Nationalists. These extra votes should enable Callaghan to survive a Tory test of confidence in November, when the Queen delivers her annual government-written speech to Parliament. It is virtually inconceivable that Callaghan would have decided to hold on without the Nationalists' promise of help.

On the strength of some indicators, Callaghan would seem to have little cause for seeking the delay. The latest polls show Labor running only slightly behind the Tories in voter approval, 47% to 45%, a vastly improved standing from that of only a year ago. Yet Callaghan and some of his closest advisers were not so sure. Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, in particular, warned the Prime Minister "not to go for the first patch of blue sky." His reasoning: there is a good chance that Britain's economic recovery, notably a decline in inflation from 26% a year in 1975 to less than 8% at present, will have more impact on voters in another six months or so than now. Labor expects another benefit from the postponement: a new register of voters due next February will include a heavy proportion of 18-year-olds, who tend to vote Labor.

By mid-August, Callaghan had decided to wait—then sat watching in amusement as the Tories scrambled needlessly to get ready for a campaign. Just hours before last Thursday's statement, says a Cabinet member, Callaghan "with a droll grin told us what he was going to do. There was a burst of laughter around the table and some good-humored comment on how he had handled it."

Caught with their leaflets out and their campaign war chest partly spent, the Tories were understandably furious. Predicting that Callaghan's decision would lead to a period of "hand-to-mouth" government, Thatcher declared, "He has lost his majority and with it the authority to govern. He should now properly seek the verdict of the people." Even the *London Times*, which had bestowed lavish praise on Callaghan's record a day earlier, was disappointed by a decision that "condemned the country to probably another half year of pre-election tension." If Callaghan wins his gamble, however, that will seem a modest enough price for another lease on No. 10 Downing Street. ■



Crawford in Frankfurt on way to U.S.

SOVIET UNION

Ruble Rumble

Convicted as planned

One Soviet witness swore she made contact with Defendant Francis Jay Crawford in Room 1821 of Moscow's Intourist Hotel to arrange illegal ruble-dollar exchanges: in fact, Crawford was staying seven floors away in Room 1120. Another Soviet insisted that similar transactions occurred last December, even though Crawford was in the U.S. at the time. Other defendants, meanwhile, urged Crawford to change his plea and admit guilt along with them.

Normally, against such a half-cocked prosecution, even a fledgling Perry Mason ought to be able to spring his client in a fair trial. But Crawford, 37, a service representative for International Harvester, was being tried in a dingy Moscow courtroom on obviously trumped-up charges that he had violated Soviet law by exchanging \$8,500 for 20,000 rubles with Soviet black marketeers over a 14-month period. (At the official exchange rate, \$8,500 buys 5,903 rubles.) Despite Crawford's protestations of innocence, along with what Western court observers called an unusually spirited defense by his Soviet lawyer, the defendant was found guilty and given a five-year suspended sentence. No less a court observer than Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev had predicted as much in a recent Moscow conversation with visiting California Oilman Armand Hammer.

Presumably the Soviets, by going easy on Crawford and allowing him to leave the country immediately, have paved the way for a possible prisoner swap involving two Soviet U.N. employees who will go on trial in Newark on espionage charges Sept. 27. The Soviets were picked up just three weeks before Crawford's arrest. ■



Callaghan addressing Trades Union Congress

A round of laughter around the table.

World



Surveillance photo of Stoll (center) and fellow terrorists embarking on Rhine Valley overflight

WEST GERMANY

Trapping of a Terrorist

An inept man hunt gets its man—at last—but a pair escape

It was the first anniversary of the terrorist kidnaping of Industrialist Hans-Martin Schleyer. His widow and children and the relatives of his slain chauffeur and bodyguards attended a ceremony at the simple stone monument on the Cologne street where the abduction took place. Hundreds of other citizens laid flowers at the foot of the wooden cross erected at the site a few days after the shooting. But accompanying the sorrow was a jittery feeling that radiated throughout the city and across West Germany. Many of the Red Army Faction, whose members had killed Schleyer, were still at large, and no one could be certain they would not commemorate the anniversary in their own grisly fashion.

Three of the most wanted suspects Willy Peter Stoll, 28, Adelheid Schulz, 23, and Christian Klar, 26—had eluded the most intensive man hunt in West German history. They stayed just a tantalizing step ahead of the law, thanks largely to some of the worst police work the world has witnessed since the Keystone Kops.

In June, for example, a gunshop owner and his wife sat paralyzed with fright in a Frankfurt restaurant as Stoll and a woman companion dined at a nearby table. The witnesses were sure of their man a year before. Stoll had knocked the gun dealer unconscious and had stolen 20 pistols from his store. Finally overcoming his fear, the dealer alerted the police, but when investigators arrived, Stoll had melted away in the crowd.

Perhaps the police could not be blamed for failing to pick up the trail

on that occasion. But in August, in an unparalleled display of ineptness, the authorities allowed Stoll and his comrades to slip through their fingers. As an outraged Bundestag investigating committee revealed last week, the suspects had been virtually handed over to the federal crime police antiterrorist squad by an observant helicopter pilot in Michelstadt, Karin Rieger. She reported that the three fu-



Police picture of Stoll near Michelstadt
The Keystone Kops forced a showdown

gatives, equipped with a camera and video-tape equipment, had chartered her chopper for several flights over the Rhine Valley, ostensibly to film historic castles. Rieger became suspicious when she noticed that the supposed "film crew" not only handled their equipment awkwardly but repeatedly insisted on flying over the Frankenthal prison, where three other notorious terrorists have been locked up. They also made extensive photographs of the Ludwigshafen home of Bundestag Opposition Leader Helmut Kohl.

Rieger discussed her suspicions with her fiancé, who informed the authorities. She had a piece of clinching evidence: on the right cheek of a squeaky-voiced member of the film crew was a telltale double birthmark, positively identifying her as Adelheid Schulz. Acting on the tip, police mounted an elaborate surveillance, observing—and even photographing—the suspects as they boarded Rieger's helicopter for subsequent flights. Handwriting experts examined the helicopter rental contract and concluded that it had been signed by Klar. But in a fit of inexplicable indecision, the cops failed to close in and make the capture. After completing their aerial survey of potential targets, the terrorists blithely drove away, losing a police tail in the winding streets of Stettbach, a nearby village. "An incredible performance," snapped an aide in Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's office. "The Chancellor is furious." In fact, Schmidt was reportedly ready to fire Antiterrorist Chief Gerhard Boeden because of the bungling.

Two weeks ago, the three suspects surfaced again. This time they posed as a high-fashion photography team in a residential section of Cologne. Passers-by warned the police when the "photographers" and their "model" spent an inordinate amount of time concentrating on the backdrop for their shooting: the home of wealthy Businessman Heinrich Wolf, a possible subject for a kidnaping. Once again, by the time police arrived, the terrorists had disappeared.

Finally last week, on the day after the Schleyer memorial services, Willy Peter Stoll's luck ran out. A woman recognized him as he sat sipping a beer in a nondescript Chinese restaurant near the Düsseldorf railroad station. She alerted the police. Minutes later, two plainclothesmen walked into the restaurant, sat down, studied their quarry for a couple of minutes. Then they rose, approached Stoll and ordered him to surrender. Dropping his hands like a Western gunfighter, Stoll reached for a 9-mm. pistol concealed in his jacket. Before he could draw, he was hit by a barrage of bullets. He died 40 minutes later during surgery. West Germans could not take much comfort from this police success. Stoll's comrades were not only still on the loose but now had a fallen colleague to avenge.

Myth:

Truck traffic can move only on the highways.

Fact:

More than two million truckloads moved by railway last year.

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This is good news for the railroads, but it's better news for the consumer and the nation. Many piggyback trains move their cargo with about half the fuel that would be required by trucks to move the same goods.

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Time Essay

On Crime and Much Harder Punishment

Everyone except the abnormally saintly or submissive possesses the retaliatory instinct. It lurks like a small black gland at the base of the brain, in the mind's nonreasoning regions. When a person's elemental sense of justice is offended, the retributive instinct flares and hops in outrage; it gesticulates like Mussolini; it demands satisfaction. The urge is deep and primitive. Some cannibals on Pacific islands used to eat convicted murderers for dinner—a practice that appeased both their hunger for food and their thirst for justice.

Over many months, the American retributive gland has grown more and more inflamed. A few weeks ago, Robert Jones, 36, stood before the bench in a Chicago courtroom, having just been sentenced to 100 to 300 years in prison for murdering two brothers in a robbery. A voice boomed: "I hope you die in prison!" It was not one of the victims' family or the prosecutor who cried out; it was the judge.

Across the country, the law-abiding are in a punitive mood. A Gallup poll last spring showed 62% of Americans in favor of the death penalty. The public sense of justice, of the simple fairness and fitness of things, is frayed. The nation's crime rate has risen 300% in the past 18 years, though a part of the increase merely reflects greater attention to reporting crimes. These were precisely the years when society was at its greatest pains to humanize the justice system, make rehabilitation programs work and allow indeterminate sentences to relax the law's supposedly heartless rigidity, since 1967 no executions have been performed in the U.S., except that of Gary Gilmore, which was more like a media suicide.

Many Americans harbor an unwholesome and even dangerous contempt for the justice system. Neither criminals nor victims have much faith in its workings: the one class does not fear it much, and the other does not trust it. A mugger leaves a victim crippled, life blighted, and bound to ruinous expenses for treatment. Through plea bargaining and parole indulgences, the attacker emerges from his "punishment" in a matter of months or less, to resume his career. The social contract gets badly tattered in its passage through such a system.

A hard, punitive glare has become respectable for liberals who in years past were all for the Warren Court's protections of the offender. One index of the respectability of the tougher line: Edward Kennedy, who owns the most liberal voting record in the Senate, is the co-author of the revised U.S. Criminal Code that would, among other things, abolish parole boards and indeterminate sentences. There is a certain wishfulness in such measures. Says L. Ray Patterson, dean of the Emory School of Law in Atlanta: "The concern of the public is not so much for vindictive retribution, but for *some* retribution."

The four classic purposes of imprisonment have been: 1) to deter others from committing crime, 2) to protect society from the criminal, 3) to rehabilitate the criminal, and 4) to give him his "just deserts." Today the first three are not persuasive. The prospect of jail does not seem to be a very forbidding deterrent. Society is obviously not safer but more dangerous these days, even though America's prisons and jails burst with a population of 500,000 inmates. Nearly all rehabilitation programs are well-meaning exercises in futility. That leaves reason No. 4,

just deserts—punishment, social retribution, the community's retaliation against the criminal for having violated its rules.

Punishment raises some of the most difficult questions that the moral intelligence has ever confronted, and most of man's answers over the centuries have been neither very moral nor very intelligent. The principle of exact retaliation formulated in Mosaic law ("An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth") was actually a kind of early legal reform that placed precise limitations upon the extent of permissible revenge. When medieval kings began establishing strong central authority, and various offenses were perceived as crimes against the king's peace and his formal vanity, the older one-to-one system of compensation was abstracted into a legal machine of great brutality. After centuries of racks, gougings, hangmen and unspeakably inventive tortures, much of mankind adopted the lockup as its principal instrument of punishment, with occasional resort to the noose, guillotine and electric chair.

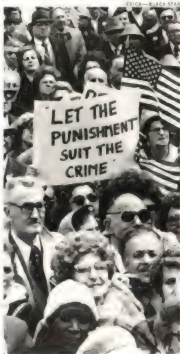
Now many citizens in the West have begun to detect what might be called the Fallacy of Progress. For a century or more, "progress" in penal thinking has signified increasingly humane treatment for criminals, as if punishment were in itself a vestigial barbarity. But if progress implies a steady mitigation of punishment, then at some point "punishment" must logically lose its meaning, crossing over to become something else. Besides, not many people are pitilessly marched to jail today for stealing loaves of bread. Poverty may breed crime, but few thieves steal because they are starving in a society of food stamps and welfare.

The reformer's morality has always taught that the main objective of punishment is ulterior: to deter or rehabilitate. In this design, punishment should not do the one thing it says it will do—punish. It is not to make the criminal suffer, to make him feel the force of society's anger for his deed. It is surely not communal revenge.

But punishment *should* be punishment before it is anything else. If it does deter other potential criminals or rehabilitate the convicted, then that should be greeted as a pleasant surprise. The first business, without being bloodthirsty about it, is to keep society's contract with itself and punish a crime as it promised it would. Author C.S. Lewis has pointed out the totalitarian possibilities in treating criminals as sick people who need to be cured: "If crime and disease are to be regarded as the same thing, it follows that any state of mind which our masters choose to call 'disease' can be treated as crime; and compulsorily cured." The KGB understands the logic.

To be told the law, to be told the punishment, and to be punished if one breaks the law, is a sounder and more reliable system of justice than the confusing and ineffective process now operating. A society can be subverted by a system that appears to be not only inconsistent but almost whimsical in its workings. A huge sense of grievance festers. The injustice of the courts seems to mirror the injustice of the economic system. All the rules of society seem to have been changed. You work hard, but inflation destroys your gains; so much for the work ethic. You obey the law, but somehow you get hurt and criminals profit. It is unbalanced.

If the law has meaning, it must carry predictable conse-



Demonstrators at Albany rally

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Essay

quences. And the law for some years has not been certain whether it meant to be a guilt-ridden social worker or a hanging judge. The erratic justice that emerges from the badly overburdened system has been further complicated by the society's spasms of conscience. These arise from the larger unsolved questions of social justice in the U.S., principally poverty and racism. But those questions cannot be solved by a mindless leniency toward criminals in the courts. That policy invites contempt from the poor, who are much more likely than others to be the victims of criminals, and who, in fact, are more likely to favor the death penalty.

The Christian ethic counsels individuals to turn the other cheek, but it does not hold that a society should operate on the principle. Turning the other cheek is an ideal, says Roman Catholic Theologian Daniel Maguire, "like a horizon to turn to. It is not a practical guide for the police in The Bronx."

Although the punitive-minded want higher maximum sentences, much can be gained by a rigorous and consistent imposition of sentences already set. It is possible to argue endlessly about the two central questions surrounding the death penalty: 1) Does it deter? and 2) Is it moral? But the great importance of the issue is symbolic. The argument would tend to abate if the courts worked better at imposing noncapital pen-

alties. On the other hand, restoring capital punishment would produce a moral mess. It would open the U.S. further to charges of racism and hypocrisy; every time a black man was executed in Alabama, the Soviets would feel further justified —by whatever false comparisons—in the conduct of their own Gulags. Not that they need such justification. More important than this propaganda effect would be the domestic divisions and bitterness in the U.S. The death penalty would be ethically shaming and emotionally exhausting. In the end, only a few criminals would be removed (permanently) from circulation. Blood vengeance is not what it is cracked up to be. Much better to concentrate on locking up the incorrigible for long terms.

The realities are more complicated than the rhetoric. Stiffer jail terms, without parole, would mean building a lot more jails. The people who call for tough retribution would be among the first to howl against the taxes that would be needed to finance new prisons and expanded courts. It would be self-defeating to turn into a society of police and wardens in order to restore confidence in the law's consequences. But confusion of judicial purpose, with lapses into wishful incompetence and the sociological sigh, is just as destructive to public morale. Within civilized limits, speed and certainty of punishment represent an approachable ideal.

—Lance Morrow

Law

Robin Hood Of the Bench

Some gothic politics in backwater Florida

In the Gulf County, Fla., courtroom of Judge David Taunton these past four years, the rule of law has been compassion for the poor. When an appliance company tried to repossess a washing machine from a black man with no job, a wooden leg and seven children, Judge Taunton reached into his pocket and paid the defendant's \$97 overdue bill himself. Without being subpoenaed, he appeared as a character witness for a man convicted of drunken driving who was trying to get his license back so he could take his wife to the hospital for cancer treatments. To spare a penniless 18-year-old loan delinquent, Taunton refused to enter the final judgment in favor of the loan company.

"Robin Hood Judge," the mostly approving state press called him. But the state's Judicial Qualifications Commission charged Taunton, 39, with "conduct unbecoming a member of the judiciary" and a year ago sought to have him removed from the bench. The judge's compassion verged on bias, agreed the Florida Supreme Court last March, but it let Taunton off with a reprimand, calling his motives "wholesome and unselfish." Taunton is not a lawyer. A former high school principal and Methodist lay minister, he defends his leniency to the poor by quoting the Bible: "As you did it to one of the

least of these my brethren, you did it to me." He also admits to a "tendency to give the poor party the benefit of the doubt." But Taunton declares that playing good shepherd to indigent defendants was not the real reason why he almost lost his job. "Uncovering" corruption was.

To hear the soft-spoken judge tell the story, when he became the judge of Gulf County (pop. 11,000) he waded into a backwater Watergate. A land of slash pines, cypress swamps and oldtime backroom politics, it has been the fiefdom of U.S. Representative Robert ("He-Coon") Sikes, who last year was stripped of a congressional subcommittee chairmanship because of financial misconduct. Taunton publicly charged that former State Senator George Tapper engaged in an "elaborate, corrupt political scheme" with State


Representative William J. ("Billy Joe") Rish. Sikes and others to profit from intricate land deals at the public's expense. A state investigation turned up no evidence of wrongdoing, however, and a Gulf County grand jury exonerated everyone accused by the judge. Says Taunton: "It was a whitewash."

Only three months later the judge was hauled before the Judicial Qualifications Commission. In addition to the charge of bending the law to favor the poor, Taunton was accused of using his public office to muckrake and of spending public funds (\$11.83) to make his investigations. "Judge Taunton is a right nice fella," John Wigginton, general counsel to the commission, told the St. Petersburg Times. "It's just that he's got what seems to be a deep-seated fetish about poor people. We feel he ought to be doing something else for a living—like welfare work, or social work, or anything other than being a judge."

This week the people of Gulf County have a chance to decide for themselves whether David Taunton should stay on the bench. He is running for re-election against Robert Moore, a lawyer who filed a slander suit against Taunton on behalf of one of the men the judge charged with suspect land dealings. Moore has been drumming up support from local merchants who would like to see Taunton ousted. He has also invested \$150 in a red-white-and-blue floodlighted billboard on the main highway to Tallahassee. The Robin Hood Judge, meanwhile, was hand-painting campaign posters with his wife and teen-age son back at—what else—his log cabin home.



Candidate Taunton campaigning in Gulf County, Fla.
A tendency to give the poor benefit of the doubt.



Economy & Business

A Stage Two with Teeth?

Some possibilities: guidelines—pardon, standards—and more budget cuts

Though the U.S. inflation rate has slowed a bit from its double-digit pace of the second quarter—wholesale prices actually dropped a trifle in August—President Carter and his economic advisers are under no illusion that they can claim any credit. Quite the contrary: consumer prices for the year are likely to rise 8% or even more, and the Administration is feeling public fury. As S. Lee Kling, chief deputy to Anti-Inflation czar Robert Strauss, told fellow policymakers on returning from a trip, "You guys wouldn't believe what's happening out there. They're barely polite to me in St. Louis. They're throwing eggs at me in Atlanta. People are really riled up."

So Carter's economic-policy team has begun making final recommendations for a Stage Two anti-inflation program. Aides aim to put on the President's desk late this week specific proposals for tougher measures to follow up the ineffective ones that Carter announced last April. The likely centerpiece: a set of specific standards that labor and industry will be asked to follow when raising wages and prices—possibly backed by the threat of federal penalties against violators.

Some advisers want the President to launch Stage Two with a major speech before month's end, possibly in a talk to the Steelworkers Union on Sept. 19. Both the timing and content of Stage Two will be decided by Carter himself, and as usual he is getting conflicting advice. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal and Federal Reserve Board Chairman William Miller

want him to start a tough program immediately. Vice President Walter Mondale and some other advisers also favor a strong program—but after the November congressional elections. A third group, including Domestic Policy Director Stuart Eizenstat, wants a relatively mild program, because a hard one would hurt Carter with labor and minority groups.

An interagency committee in July began examining alternatives short of wage-

price controls, which Carter himself last week again ruled out. The White House has also forbidden "guidelines"—but only the word, which is anathema to businessmen and union leaders. The concept, renamed "standards" or "trigger points," is one of the hottest prospects for Stage Two.

Carter's advisers fear that the 1979 negotiations in the trucking, auto and construction industries will lock the economy into a cycle of 10% wage and benefit

boosts in each of the next three years, to be followed by jarring price rises. The President has exhorted workers and managers to hold wage-price increases below the average for the past two years, but aides now think that the "deceleration" program is too vague. Many want Carter to urge that all wage settlements be held to 8% or less. The price guideline, er, standards might vary from company to company. One idea is to demand that each company raise prices 1% to 1.5% less than it did last year.

The standards would be voluntary, in the sense that no one would be fined or jailed for flouting them. But Administration inflation hawks are discussing other ways to dun the disobedient. The most obvious is to withhold federal contracts from companies that violate the standards. Some other ideas lean on the Interstate Commerce Commission to reject any rate increases that truck lines might seek in order to pay for a high settlement with the Teamsters; let in more lower-cost imported steel if American mills raise prices too much. Government officials are talking about administering the 1931 Davis-Bacon Act



"We forgot to get somebody to jump up and yell. I'll take a bottle!"

in a way that would hold construction wages down rather than pushing them up. The act commands that contractors pay the "prevailing" area wage on federally aided construction jobs, but gives the Administration wide latitude in defining what that prevailing wage is.

Many businessmen and economists believe that any guidelines program would deal only with the symptoms of inflation and not its root causes, notably bulging deficits and a too-rapid expansion of the U.S. money supply. But the Federal Reserve lately has been making progress in reducing money growth toward Miller's goal of an annual rate no higher than 6.5%, and Stage Two will include a new round of budget cutting. The Senate Budget Committee last week voted to set a \$42.3 billion ceiling on the federal deficit for fiscal 1979, which starts Oct. 1. That would be well down from the \$51.1 billion deficit in the fiscal year now ending, and the \$60.6 billion that Carter recommended in January.

The reduction so far reflects mostly a scaling down of income tax cuts planned for next year and the continuing inability of federal agencies to spend money as fast as they are authorized to, rather than any determined slashing of programs. An Administration "hit team" is now examining the 1979 budget line by line, looking for places to cut. Jack Carlson, chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, figures that they expect that it will eventually squeeze the deficit to about \$35 billion.

Another idea is to delay for a year increases in the federal minimum wage—from \$2.65 an hour to \$2.90—and in Social Security taxes scheduled for January. Miller last week urged Congress to do just that, and he has allies in the Administration who calculate that the delays would knock a full percentage point off next year's inflation rate. But the delays would so anger labor and old people that the Administration is not expected to ask for them. Most likely it will merely pass the word that it is not opposed to delays and hope that this signal will be enough to move Congress to act.

A final possibility is TIP (for Tax-based Incomes Policy). This is a long discussed plan either to impose penalty taxes on employers who raise wages too much, or to give tax cuts to workers and companies who keep wage and price boosts moderate (see box). Carter may introduce a TIP plan in the next session of Congress.

Ultimately, what happens in Stage Two depends on how much political heat Carter is willing to take. All the proposals his advisers are mulling over would draw outraged screams, at least at first. Yet the President has a strong incentive to act. Changes in economic policy often take a good two years to produce results clear enough for the public to see. So what Carter does this year will determine what voters think of the economy on Election Day, 1980.

The Tepid Temptation of TIP

If wage-price controls are unworkable, and presidential jawboning too easy to defy, and balancing the budget takes too long, and tight money threatens recession, what is left to fight inflation? The answer, Washington officials are reluctantly concluding, just might be to use income taxes as a stick to beat or a carrot to lure workers and companies into holding wages and prices down.

The Senate Banking Committee staff is drafting such a Tax-based Incomes Policy (TIP) bill, which Chairman William Proxmire plans to introduce late this year or early next. Meanwhile, some Treasury and Internal Revenue Service staffers were ordered to cancel summer vacations and study what kind of TIP plan the Carter Administration might propose. Explains Lyle Gramley, a member of the Council of Economic Advisers: "TIP is becoming more attractive simply because the other alternatives aren't much better or they're not working."

That policymakers are being even so tepidly tempted constitutes an intellectual victory for Federal Reserve Governor Henry Wallich, who has been pushing TIP through nearly eight years of debate in obscure economic journals.

His basic idea, elaborated in cooperation with University of Pennsylvania Economist Sidney Weintraub, is to set a guideline for wage and benefit increases—about 5% a year in Wallich's latest version—and slap a penalty tax on any company that raised pay as much as 1% more. In his view, that would force employers to hold down wages, and prices would automatically follow.

Even some sympathizers think labor will never buy his plan, and so last year Arthur Okun, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, proposed a variant: cuts in income taxes for both companies and their workers if wage increases are held to 6% and price boosts to 4%. Proxmire's bill would authorize the Administration to try either type of TIP.

Both are denounced by conservatives who oppose any interference in the free market. Government officials' main fear is that a monstrous bureaucracy would be needed to monitor hundreds of thousands of wage and price boosts. For that reason, the Administration favors Wallich's TIP over Okun's: watching just wages would be easier than keeping tabs on prices too. Weintraub suggests that policing could be simplified by confining TIP penalties to the 2,000 or so biggest U.S. companies.

TIP, reports TIME Economic Correspondent George Taber, seems a strangely radical idea to come from Wallich, a Republican professor of economics whose pin-striped blue suits and slow, heavily technical speech make him seem the embodiment of fiscal traditionalism. But as a child in Berlin he lived through the insane German inflation of 1923-24. Once his mother gave him 105 billion marks to buy a ticket to a swimming pool that had cost 15 pfennig to enter not long before. But she miscalculated; by the time Wallich got to the pool, the price had risen to 150 billion marks, and he could not get in. Today at 64 Wallich regards inflation as not just an economic but a moral outrage. Says he: "Inflation is like a country where nobody speaks the truth. Everybody makes contracts knowing perfectly well that they will not be kept in terms of constant values. This condition is hard to reconcile with simple honesty."

Patient and pleasant, Wallich is nonetheless something of a fighter. When Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller tried to ban smoking at board meetings, Wallich went on puffing his ever present cigar or pipe and threatened to deposit the ashes in his pants cuffs if Miller would not provide ashtrays; the Fed chief did, reluctantly. The same determination has carried TIP from the status of an academic curiosity to a plan familiar enough that it inspires what pass for jokes in economic circles. Latest: it should be renamed Tax-Related Incomes Policy, so that it would promise the hip crowd a euphoric TRIP.



Federal Reserve Governor Henry Wallich
Fighting a moral outrage.

Big Casino on Wall Street

Gambling stocks yield quick wins and many worries

Not in years had Wall Street investors seen anything quite like the market's current high-rolling fad: gambling on gambling. All summer long, shares in companies that operate casinos—and many other outfits only remotely or even mistakenly associated with them—have been soaring higher than a Vegas showgirl's kicks. As the Labor Day holiday approached, the speculation became so frantic that for a time it seemed the gambling bubble was about to burst. But last week

rationality as well as its volatility. Wurliitzer, the jukebox producer, climbed several points after announcing that it was not expanding into slot machines. Though worried by the jumpiness of the stocks, the New York and American exchanges had been reluctant to do anything that might spoil the action that is profitably increasing volume and enticing people into the market. But the speculation turned even wilder last month after a bullish report by Merrill Lynch cited the gambling

Jersey's lead. A referendum that would legalize casino gambling in fading Miami will be on the ballot this fall in Florida. New York State voters may be asked to approve a similar measure next year.

Brokers are sharply divided on the merits of the gambling mania. Some regard it as a welcome sign that the small investor is at last returning to the market. Many more would agree with E.F. Hutton Vice President Anthony Corra, who warns that gambling stocks "have run up too far, too fast. We think traders should sell and take their profits while they can." That is what the smart money may have been doing. In June, Securities and Exchange Commission records show, Resorts officers sold 24,800 shares in their own company, which were then valued at \$1.87 million.



Bettors in action at Resorts International's gaming palace in Atlantic City N.J.

Lots of caveats from the pros, but still flying higher than a Vegas showgirl's kick.

gaming issues bounced back strongly.

The prime mover was Resorts International, which set off the gambling stock boom by opening the first (and so far only) casino in Atlantic City, N.J., in May. This time, the Florida-based firm's big news was that its boardwalk betting palace had grossed \$60 million in its first three months, about triple the revenues of the largest Las Vegas casinos.

Resorts' Class A stock rose \$13 in four days on the American Exchange, closing at a high of \$123.50. That was a 360% increase since Jan. 1. Not bad for a company that has never paid a cash dividend. Resorts will soon split 3 for 1, and it is scarcely the only big winner. Some others, with their rises from April through August: Caesars World, 583%; Playboy, 351%; Bally, 283%; Del Webb, 281%; and Harrah's, 213%.

To send its stock flying, all a company has to do is hint that it might get into gambling. Shares of Ramada Inns, which is merely rumored to be interested in diversifying into gaming, have risen 267% this year. Reflecting the market's ir-

industry's "potential to be one of the high growth segments of the economy during the next five years."

Finally the exchanges moved, lifting the initial margin requirements for gambling issues from 50% to 75%—meaning that buyers would have to put up at least \$750 for every \$1,000 stock purchase. The Big Board said it was acting "to insure the protection of public investors and the maintenance of a fair and orderly market." One firm, A.G. Becker of Chicago, banned all credit on five particularly jittery stocks. These moves depressed the gaming issues, but not for long. Indeed, the gambling-stock rebound last week helped spark a broad market rally. The Dow Jones industrial average rose 28 points, closing at 908.

The rush to gambling stocks is not likely to slow soon. Already negotiating or planning to open casinos in Atlantic City are Caesars World, Playboy Enterprises and Bob Guccione, owner of *Penthouse*. Despite strong suspicions, so far unproved, of underworld ties to the gambling industry, other states are following New

Pan Am U.S.A.?

Yes, if the CAB agrees

A new name may soon be greeting airline travelers along the East Coast and the Gulf states. Moving toward a long cherished aim of getting some domestic U.S. routes to tie in with its foreign network, Pan American World Airways last week signed a definitive agreement to acquire National Airlines for about \$350 million. National's name and sunburst logo would disappear, and on domestic runs the combined line would be known as Pan American U.S.A. On foreign routes Pan Am would leave its name unchanged.

Whether the biggest airline consolidation since the early 1960s will actually take place may not be known for months. The deal still has to be approved by Pan Am and National shareholders, the Civil Aeronautics Board and President Carter. CAB Chairman Alfred Kahn fears that his policy of less regulation and more competition among airlines may be spurring a lot of panic mergers that would lead to less rather than more competition. The CAB is known to have preferred that Pan Am build up its own domestic base instead of taking over another airline's system, but the board's position is puzzling because for more than a decade the CAB and the White House have thwarted efforts by Pan Am to pick up domestic routes. Nonetheless, Pan Am professes confidence in its latest effort. Says one senior executive: "We have a good chance of selling this merger on its merits."

If approved, the deal would end the grandiose hopes of feisty little Texas International Airlines of taking over National. But the Texans, who have lately spent \$48 million to buy 20% of National's stock, probably will not be sore losers. At the \$41 price that Pan Am is offering for National stock, Texas International's investments will be worth \$70 million.



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Gas Appliance Manufacturers Association



One of Ford's 3,278 nonwhite employees welding on an assembly line at Port Elizabeth



Integrated office at a 3M plant



GM worker at home refurbished with company aid



Blacks in a training program financed partly by private employers, including U.S. multinationals

Economy & Business

America's South African Dilemma

Should U.S. firms pull out—or stay and work for change?

As never before, American multinationals in South Africa are coming under fire in the U.S. At one shareholders' meeting after another, critics hurl epithets ("partner in apartheid," "friend of discrimination"). The N.A.A.C.P., hardening its stand, now calls for a total withdrawal of Yankee firms from white-dominated parts of South Africa. The Rev. Leon Sullivan, a black minister from Philadelphia and a director of General Motors, has been urging a strict code of conduct for U.S. companies in the land of apartheid and demanding that they actively help black workers overcome various bars to forming unions. Anti-apartheid protests stand to intensify on campuses this fall, and many universities and foundations have decided to sell their shares in corporations operating in South Africa. Concedes a ranking General Electric executive: "No responsible firm today could ignore the concerns of large blocks of shareholders in the churches and universities."

The furor raises complex, emotionally charged questions. Advocates of a U.S. economic pullout claim it could hasten the end of apartheid. But would it really? Most U.S. companies argue that they are helping South Africa's blacks by staying there and working for change. But are they doing enough?

Some 350 American companies have invested a total of \$1.5 billion in South Africa, and they are the chief purveyors of its modern technology and consumer goods. Ford, South Africa's biggest automaker (1977 sales: 42,874 vehicles), and GM together account for 26% of the automotive market. Goodyear, General and Firestone dominate tire sales. Exxon, Mobil and Caltex are leaders at the fuel pumps. Kellogg's cereals are found on 40% of South Africa's breakfast tables, and Otis elevators convey riders in two of every five office buildings. IBM enjoys a near monopoly in data processing, challenged only by Control Data. Even though embargoes prevent U.S. companies from selling South African manufactured goods in almost all black African markets, most of the firms are thriving on domestic sales alone. Says Dick Strain, the local head of Eli Lilly: "South Africa has the sophistication of a Western market and the development potential of a Third World country."



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Economy & Business

When U.S. companies first began moving into South Africa during the gold rush of the 1880s, they not only saw their market as the country's whites (now about 16% of the 28 million population) but they also employed whites almost exclusively. In those days the white Americans, still imbued with their own pioneering heritage, identified strongly with the Dutch-descended Afrikaners, who were also frontier people. That attitude continued in the post-World War II years as newly arriving U.S. firms brought technology and industrial development to South Africa. Yet by the late 1960s, as whites de-

valued by the regime, they enjoy even more latitude in defying apartheid.

Prodded by pressures at home, 103 U.S. firms, including nearly all the biggest ones, have signed a code drawn up by Sullivan last year.* Six months ago, U.S. firms started an American Chamber of Commerce with the aim of accelerating anti-apartheid efforts. "Will it work?" muses the chamber's president, Clifford Lyndon. "In the long run, I guess so, but the blacks are reluctant to take advantage of opportunities because they have grown up in an environment that says shut up and stay in your place." And while

nonwhite workers in their communities. According to his findings, Ford deserves top marks for doing away with the most noxious symbols of apartheid. The company regularly consults nonwhite employees on plant problems and even recognizes black unions; though such unions are not specifically prohibited, black organizing is effectively blocked by South Africa's labor code, which excludes unionized blacks from officially recognized wage negotiations and denies them the right to strike.

This year Ford has also set up an apprentice program for blacks; though at present only 43 trainees (out of a total of 3,278 nonwhite workers) are enrolled in the five-year course, the company plans to expand the program over the next two years. Other Ford achievements: a desegregated sports program, in which the races mix easily in soccer games and in company recreation rooms, and a home-loan plan that has enabled 212 nonwhite employees to build their own houses.

Though few have yet moved as far as Ford, other companies have also taken steps against apartheid. Colgate-Palmolive, which has a plant near Johannesburg, assumed most of the costs of operating a black township school in a neighboring community to ensure higher educational standards for nonwhites than in government-run schools. While a very few firms, notably IBM, have long had equal-pay-for-equal-work policies, many more companies have lately been moving to redress a particular grievance of blacks: a system of bonuses that traditionally allowed whites to earn about three or four times as much as blacks in similar jobs. Goodyear undertook a two-year effort to eliminate bonuses and revise its entire pay and job classification structure on the basis of aptitude tests. Result: wages of blacks and coloreds generally went up (some by as much as 100%); while some whites took pay cuts of up to 10%.

Mobil has been in South Africa for 80 years, but it has hired most of its 1,326 nonwhite employees (out of a total of 2,961) during the past eight. It has also striven to train and promote nonwhites. Now most of the supervisory jobs at the Mobil refineries in Cape Town and Durban are held by nonwhites.

Because South Africa has, at the latest count, only 5,000 black university graduates, IBM has been unable to find many qualified applicants for technical jobs. Hence the company last year donated \$175,000 and the services of a senior manager to the University of Zululand to develop courses in data processing and systems analysis.

Quebec Iron and Titanium Corp., which is owned by Kennecott Copper and Gulf & Western, has persuaded its four South African partners to adopt the Sullivan Code in their new mining venture in Zululand. Boasts QIT President Pierce McCreary: "We have been a



At Goodyear plant, segregated canteens that will be integrated for some employees soon

Taking more advantage of a real, if limited, power to change the environment.

serted factories for better paying service jobs and the need for labor increased dramatically. American firms were forced to turn to the unskilled blacks and mixed-race coloreds. As they did so, they also adopted the humiliating practices of apartheid: segregated eating, dressing and toilet facilities; low pay and no promotion for blacks; no union representation; abysmal living conditions in company dormitories and housing complexes.

To a degree, that is changing. Because industrial peace is so vital to the white supremacist government of Prime Minister John Vorster, labor inspectors seldom object to the bending of apartheid rules even in South African-owned plants. Since the presence of the multinationals is much

their ability to change that environment is necessarily limited, the companies' efforts to do what they can have varied widely—so far.

TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter made a survey of 60 U.S. firms, to which he submitted a detailed questionnaire delving into pay scales, working conditions and advancement opportunities for blacks and coloreds. He also visited plants and spoke to

*The Sullivan Code: total desegregation of eating, work and toilet facilities in plants; equal employment opportunities; comparable pay for all employees in the same jobs; development of apprentice and management trainee programs for nonwhites; promotion of blacks and coloreds to higher posts; improvement of employees' living conditions; and support for unionization efforts by nonwhites.

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Economy & Business

very positive force in South Africa."

Even so, since old prejudices die hard, progress is often slow and uneven. Despite its commendable record in other fields, Ford has not yet overcome apartheid in the canteen at its plant in Neave, near Port Elizabeth. Though all workers are served at the same cafeteria, the whites eat on one side of a partition and nonwhites on the other side. Few other companies follow Ford's example and encourage nonwhites to participate in negotiations about wages and work rules. Complains Ravindra Joshi, secretary of Durban's Institute for Industrial Education, which is pressing for the establishment of black unions: "The real problem is that black workers just don't have any say in their companies."

Among the U.S. firms that have been most severely criticized by South African black activists are Revlon and GM. While Revlon has been cited for lack of training programs, unfair pay policies and other grievances, the GM case has been especially ironic in view of Sullivan's presence on the parent company's board. But last summer, after 278 blacks and coloreds had signed papers to have dues deducted for a union, they were invited to the company's welfare department and asked if they understood what they had done: most of the workers subsequently withdrew their dues deduction, and the unionizing effort stalled. By way of explanation, Rodney G. Ironside, GM's personnel director in South Africa, declared that the company only wanted to help the employees: "There are 114 ways a black can be relieved of his money and GM is not going to be one of them." GM's Detroit headquarters has since moved to push its South African subsidiary more into line with the Sullivan Code. Two weeks ago, it announced that it would spend about \$4.5 million to integrate some segregated facilities (including lavatories and locker rooms) and set up programs to prepare more nonwhites for supervisory jobs.

A major impediment to progress is the caution of the blacks, who are wary about pressing for advancement individually and, even more often, are not encouraged to do so. Also, some of the blacks who do achieve higher posts find themselves alienated from their friends and family and suffer severe stress symptoms.

Many critics call for an outright withdrawal from South Africa on the theory that a sudden exodus would undermine the Vorster regime. Says Franklin H. Williams, a black activist who was U.S. ambassador to Ghana in the late 1960s: "What American companies have done so far has been essentially cosmetic. The basic inhumanity of life for blacks in South Africa continues unabated." The New York-based Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, a coalition of several Roman Catholic orders and Protestant denominations, urges a U.S. withdrawal unless, as Director Timothy Smith

puts it, the government "takes steps to give full political, economic and social rights to the black majority."

So far, only a few companies have pulled out. Polaroid canceled its dealings with a South African licensee because its film was being used on the infamous passbooks that blacks and coloreds are required to carry and show upon demand to the police. Citibank will no longer make loans to the South African government; the First Pennsylvania Bank will give no loans of any kind. GM, Kodak and Control Data have said they will not expand their South African operations.

These steps scarcely add up to anything like a general U.S. corporate retreat—nor should they. In South Africa itself, such a withdrawal is a strategy favored mainly by some white liberals and middle-class black activists. Though they often talk pullout in public, the black mil-

shy and slowly to remove the most reprehensible barriers of apartheid and to advance nonwhites. But home offices could order their subsidiaries to act more forcefully. That is precisely the solution advocated by Sullivan, who feels it is too soon to dismiss the creative possibilities of U.S. enterprise. "The real test is not what the principles say; they are just words on a piece of paper," he contends. "The real test is what happens in South Africa to eradicate racial discrimination."

As the growing number of Sullivan Code signatures suggests, most U.S. corporations have decided they are willing to be judged by that standard. Now it is up to them to turn in performances that will quiet their critics and bring more tangible benefits to the blacks and coloreds of South Africa.

Denim Blues

A fanny shortage

Blue denim wove its way through the social revolutions of the '60s and '70s, clothing everyone from Yuppies to Sun Day activists and pushing worldwide production last year to a record 750 million yds. Alas, that was more denim than there were fannies to fill it. Result: a glut of material and sharp cutbacks at the plants that make it, even though sales of jeans, jackets and other finished items have remained high. Wall Street analysts figure that U.S. production will drop this year to about 500 million yds.

Cone Mills of Greensboro, N.C., the world's largest producer, now runs its denim looms only four days a week instead of six. J.P. Stevens shut down half the 565 looms at its denim-making factory in Rock Hill, S.C. Foreign manufacturers are in much worse shape; they jumped heavily into denim a few years back when sales of the U.S.-made original began to soar. Hong Kong turns out a fifth of the denim it once did, Mexico is down to one mill, and Venezuela is out of the business altogether.

U.S. textile men believe that the great denim shakeout has now "bottomed out" and that better days are ahead. But the market is no longer growing by 17% to 18% a year, as it was in the mid-1970s, and has slowed to a 2% to 3% pace. Levi Strauss, the biggest U.S. blue jeans maker, showed a sales drop in its Jeanswear Division in the second quarter, to \$138 million from \$173 million last year.

Yet the U.S.'s love affair with the stuff clearly throbs on. "Black denim" jeans, the dark, stiff kind that James Dean wore, are big sellers right now, as are the sexy, \$32-and-up numbers put out by big-name designers. The blue-textile phenomenon may well have passed its sales prime, says Norman Karr, executive director of the Men's Fashion Association, "but there are many good years left."



The Rev. Leon Sullivan, code author

A call on the creativity of U.S. enterprise

itants within the labor force are far more pragmatic in private. A black union leader told McWhirter: "I would say companies should withdraw. But if they did, it would be death for all of us."

A U.S. exodus could do more harm than good for nonwhites. American-owned businesses might be taken over by other multinationals, notably the Japanese, that are far less responsive to the blacks. Possibly the South African government would seize control of some companies and make the American owners deposit the proceeds of their forced sales in government securities.

At present the realistic course is for American business to stay in South Africa but to use its influence more effectively to bring about change. Despite pronouncements about being committed to ending apartheid, too many U.S. companies engage merely in tokenism. For example, in none of the 60 plants visited by McWhirter was a copy of the Sullivan Code easily available to nonwhite employees. Many local managers have moved too



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Education

Back-to-School Blues

After busing—bankruptcy and strikes

There was picketing over school integration in Chicago's blue-collar Marquette Park area. In Louisville, a group of ingenious parents attempted, without success, to have their children reclassified as American Indians, because in Kentucky all nonblack minorities are exempt from forced busing. And in several cities, including Cleveland, racial calm existed because busing has still to be tried.

Even so, for the first time in years, rage and threatened riot over busing did not noticeably disrupt the opening of school. Instead there were a rash of teachers' strikes, prospects of bankruptcy and fretting over budgets. At week's end, with teachers in New Orleans, Cleveland and Seattle among those out, something like 675,000 students were without regular teachers or any instruction at all.

School districts everywhere were haunted by California's Proposition 13. Exactly a week before school was scheduled to start, for example, the Houston system learned that it would have to shave \$6 million off the current budget; the city had just rolled property taxes back to the 1977 value. Irate taxpayers all over the country were set to slash property taxes, traditionally the source of educational funds, and they were grimly disposed to get more educational mileage for less money. In New Jersey, a new regulation this year requires that even tenured teachers be evaluated on the basis of demonstrated "pupil progress."

With all the difficulties there were signs of progress, notably in New York and Boston. A city-by-city sampling

CLEVELAND. The school system is not only broke but existing on a \$20.8 million start-up loan from the state. Getting through the year will require a fiscal miracle. Taxpayers voted down an increase in the school levy last April and June; they oppose the major busing plan that the courts have ordered for the city. (The plan was postponed until next February since there was no money to buy extra buses.) To make matters worse, nearly all of Cleveland's 5,000 teachers, who often worked without pay during last winter's near bankruptcy, are now bitter and out on strike. They demand a 20% pay increase, which would add \$24 million to the deficit. Even worse, the city stands to lose \$29 million in federal aid if it does not institute a mandatory bilingual program, which is also beyond its means.

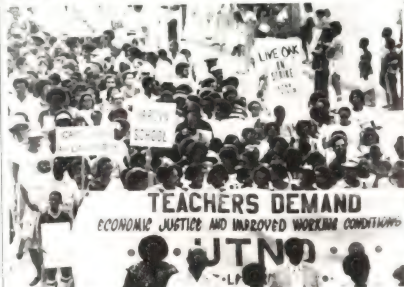
NEW ORLEANS. The hour before students turned up for the first day of school, New Orleans' 5,300 teachers voted to go on

strike. After a week, only 27% of them are reporting to work. Attendance has dropped to a third of the city's 90,000 students. With salaries among the lowest in the nation (teachers with B.A.s start at \$10,100; maximum pay after 11 years is only \$13,900), teachers are demanding \$5 million in salary increases and benefits. The school board says it will hold firm against the increase, and is paying substitutes double wages and keeping the schools open.

LOS ANGELES. No one is sure what is happening in Los Angeles schools this fall, least of all the local board of education

education budget of \$2.8 billion, the city can spend over \$2,500 a pupil, as much as many expensive private schools. More than half of the 15,000 teachers laid off during New York's worst financial crisis have been rehired. Two months before the fall term, teachers negotiated a two-year contract calling for a 4% annual raise. The city also has an optimistic new administrator, Frank Macchiarola. Among his first attempts: with part of \$22 million reallocated from administrative funds, he hired enough first grade teachers to reduce class size from 32 to 25.

BOSTON. For years racial antagonism and resistance to busing forced educational progress into a back seat. There has been notable white flight from Boston. But 25 new magnet schools have taken some of the sting out of forced integration by drawing a multiracial student body, which



Striking teachers in New Orleans take to the streets during protest march

Not race but "whether the public schools can offer a quality education."

After working on desegregation plans since 1963, the city was all set to begin a vast program for busing 60,000 students across the sprawling 710-sq.-mi. district. Two weeks ago, a court of appeals suddenly judged that the plan needed more work and scrapped it. Antibusing parents were elated, but then the state supreme court overruled the earlier decision. It now appears that the program, involving 800 additional buses, will go into effect this week. But nobody knows exactly how. Signed one school board aide: "It is just one shock after another."

NEW YORK CITY. Partly as a result of white flight to the suburbs, the school population, just short of a million students, is now 70% black and Hispanic. But with an ed-

attends voluntarily and comes from all over the city to get high-grade training.

Three years after the worst antibusing acrimony, South Boston High School, now 41% black, opened peacefully. Suspensions have dropped from 1,800 in 1976 to 275 last year. An intensive school-within-a-school system helps coach slow learners. But achievement scores are still way down, and critics complain that teachers are mainly "pencemakers and babysitters." Says Mary Ellen Smith of the Citywide Education Coalition, a probing group: "The issue in Boston is no longer where kids go to school or the race of their classmates, but whether the public schools can offer a quality education." That issue confronts not only Boston but most of the nation's schools as well.

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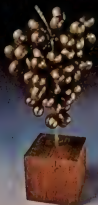
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Music

Country's Platinum Outlaw

Willie Nelson, man of the road, pays a call at the White House

The White House has never seen anything to beat it. Where the powerful and the privileged usually dine, a buffet is laid on for members of the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing. Where Casals once played, the entertainment is a sort of tribal rite in which the guests whoop it up to a Texas honky-tonk beat. The placid evening air is pierced by a singer's plangent cry:

*Whiskey River, don't run dry.
You're all I've got—take care of
me....*

Nor has an apparition like the singer himself been glimpsed around the White House lately—without being arrested on sight, that is. Bearded, sporting jeans and sneakers, with a bandanna tying back his shoulder-length red-brown hair and an earring dangling from his left ear, he comes on like some improbable blend of Celtic bard and Hell's Angel, with a smile straight out of *Huckleberry Finn*.

It is Jimmy Carter's kind of evening. The stock-car crowd is there because Ole Country Boy Carter is devoted to racing tracks the way his predecessors were to putting greens or yachting water. And the singer? Another Carter favorite: high-riding, low-living

Willie Nelson, 45, country music's reigning "redneck rocker."

White House dinners are pretty high off the hog for Willie, who not too long ago was being written off by the country music establishment as an "outlaw"—a renegade, a troublemaker who wrote interesting songs but would never fuse his raw performing talents. Then six years ago, Willie bucked the system by leaving Nashville for Austin, Texas, where he took charge of a movement that made outlaw a term of defiant pride. Along with such congenial spirits as Waylon Jennings, Billy Joe Shaver and Jerry Jeff Walker, he fashioned a spare, linear style

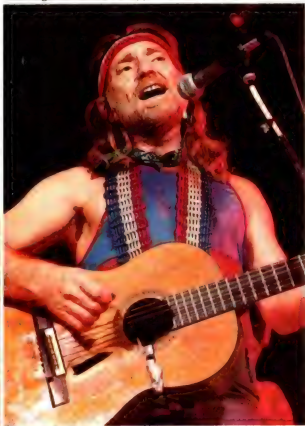
with a heavy rock beat that reached an audience far broader than the country faithful, mainly by appealing to long-haired rock fans.

The Austin sound—redneck rock or progressive country—began crossing over from country to pop charts and racking up sales once scarcely dreamed of in the country field. In the past two years, three such albums have gone platinum: in trade parlance (i.e., sold 1 million copies) an anthology of progressive stars titled *The Outlaws*, the duo album *Waylon & Willie*, and Willie's latest, *Stardust*, is currently one of the nation's hottest-selling country LPs, even though it consists entirely of Tin Pan Alley standards.

Progressive he may be, but Willie remains true to the bedrock traditions of folk, blues, jazz and country. His unusually sophisticated phrasing—now lagging behind the beat, now scooting ahead of it, twisting and rolling the melody like a champion lariat twirler—owes something to Frank Sinatra, one of his favorite singers. But his high, slightly nasal baritone retains an austere lyricism that goes back to Appalachian hills and hollows and beyond. Where much of commercial country music has only a catch in its throat, Willie's has a touch of iron in its soul.

His themes are mostly the Nashville perennials of hootch, heartbreak and hallelujah. But his best songs—chronicles of a tough, sensitive drifter—have a gritty conviction that comes

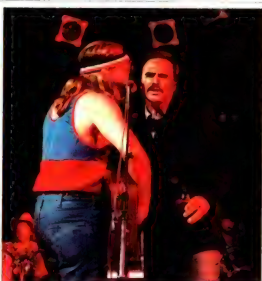
Willie sings at a rock and country jamboree in New Jersey



Music



Onstage in Las Vegas, daughters Amy and Paula Carlene join Willie in a hymn. Burt Reynolds tries some beery harmony
First and last, a honky-tonk troubadour whose chronicle of a sensitive drifter has a touch of iron in its soul.



from being unsparingly autobiographical. As Willie says, they are "songs that had to come out." The deep lines around Willie's surprisingly gentle brown eyes bear witness to a lot of hard days and even harder nights, and he sings about them with sentiment but no sentimentality, with pain but no self-pity. He celebrates their brief, boisterous pleasures, as in *I Can't Get Drunk*.

*I'll start to spend my money,
Callin' everybody honey,
And wind up singin' the blues.*

He bemoans their frequent emptiness, as in *Opportunity to Cry*.

*I think I'll go home now
And feed my nightmares.*

He voices the exhilaration and melancholy of ceaselessly moving on, as in *Bloody Mary Morning*.

*Baby left me without warnin'
Sometime in the night.
So I'm flyin' down to Houston
With forgettin' her the nature of
my flight.*

When Willie moved on from Nashville, his decision to settle in Austin was no accident. Texas to him meant his native heritage, his own people, his starting place. To paraphrase a classic country hymn that Willie favors, the circle was unbroken.

The circle began in the dusty hamlet of Abbott, Texas, where Willie and his sister Bobbie, now the pianist in his band, were raised by gospel-singing grandparents; their parents had drifted off in opposite directions shortly after Willie was born. Willie was five when he got a guitar and a few rudimentary lessons from his grandfather, a blacksmith who had taken mail-order music courses. Soon

Willie was pressing his ear against an old wooden Philco radio to hear *Grand Ole Opry*. At 13 he formed his own band—with his father, then living in a town 40 miles away, on fiddle. He left high school at 16, was mustered out of the Air Force after eight months because of back problems, and quickly married a Waco carhop named Martha Matthews.

Then came a sequence of "whiles"—a while as a door-to-door encyclopedia and Bible salesman, a while as a plumber's helper in Oregon, a while as a disc jockey in Fort Worth, and so on. Willie was forever setting off for new destinations with everything he could call his own loaded into his 1946 Ford. Martha, the three kids they soon had, some furniture and an "Oklahoma credit card" (a length of hose for siphoning gas from roadside tanks). A few years of this and Martha began heading for a destination of her own, divorce court. "I tried being like other people," Willie says. "I tried to work and come home and watch TV. That just wasn't me."

Wherever he wandered, Willie sang and played guitar in local honky-tonks, at times performing behind a chicken-wire screen set up to protect musicians from flying beer bottles. Out of this harsh apprenticeship came one of his earliest and best songs, a neon-lit lament called *Night Life*.

*The night life ain't no good life,
But it's my life.*

In 1961 Willie sold copyrights to *Night Life* and one other song for a paltry \$150 to finance a move to Nashville. There he quickly made it as a songwriter, but for other singers. *Crazy* rose high on the charts when Patsy Cline recorded it. So did *Funny How Time Slips Away* as recorded by Jimmy Ellledge. *Hello Walls*

by Faron Young, and dozens of others. It seemed Willie could write a hit for anybody but himself. His own recordings went nowhere, perhaps because they were not truly his own. Producers decreed that he should be backed by slick studio musicians and often swathed in saccharine strings. What came out was the Nashville sound, not the Willie Nelson sound. "I was trying to sell a new style of singer," Willie recalls. "They didn't have a category to put me in."

The category they settled on was outlaw, and Willie and other road-hardened individualists like Waylon Jennings earned it in ways that went beyond unorthodox musicianship. They disdained the studded and rhinestoned outfits of Nashville stars for scruffy clothes. They ducked the record-company celebrity mills for a life of carousing and missed appointments. Willie also met and married a red-haired country singer named Shirley Collie. Though the marriage was to last ten years, it was nowhere near as harmonious as the records they occasionally cut together. Once when Willie came home drunk, Shirley, who knew a little kung fu, pushed him through a glass-paneled door.

Strange to say, Willie's luck improved when his Nashville house burned down in 1972. After plunging through the flames to retrieve his stash of marijuana, he headed again for Texas. There, says Merle Haggard, an admiring colleague, "Willie took his own band and a case of beer and sat down to try to create things." He did so by following his usual rules—that is, none. "Nothing works every time," Willie says. "Everything has to stand on its own. I don't try to limit my thoughts in music. Everything I do is by feel."

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Music

Among other things, Willie saw a chance to "create my own market" by bringing together Austin's country audience with the rock devotees and college crowd on its fringes. While his post-Nashville LPs began building a national following, he consolidated his local reputation by promoting a series of July 4th outdoor concerts featuring friends like Leon Russell and Kris Kristofferson—and, not incidentally, himself. "When I was in the encyclopedia business," Willie explains, "I learned that whatever you want to sell, first you've got to sell yourself."

Despite the underlying unity of the progressive country style that burgeoned beneath Willie's—and Austin's—banner, its exponents were diverse and far-flung. Some were identified with the city's rowdy club scene, like the hard-drinking Jerry Jeff Walker, whose life-style could qualify for federal disaster relief. Others, like Michael Murphy, started in Austin but moved on to other locales. Now living in Evergreen, Colo., Murphy has a cooler sound than many of the progressives and writes lyrics about themes like urban sprawl and the advent of fast-food chains where the Cavalry once rode. Still others, like Waylon Jennings, the only member of the movement to share superstar status with Willie, never lived in Austin at all. Jennings comes by his affinity through his outlaw tendencies and through his capacity to make honest and appealing music, as Willie does, out of all his disorder and early sorrow.

Today Willie has become not only an Austin but a Texas institution. He has performed with the Dallas Symphony and golfed with the then Texas Longhorns Coach Darrell Royal. Around the state he sees T-shirts reading MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE AND WILLIE. He hears his name lightly mentioned for Governor. His father and stepmother—universally known as Mom and Pop Nelson—bask in the legend. Together they run Willie's Pool Hall in Austin, and Pop fronts a country band. Nowadays Mom and Pop also occupy Willie's \$300,000 ranch house outside town. Willie's third wife, Connie, 34, a former Houston lab technician, got tired of the way fans treated the house as a combination crash pad and national shrine. So last year she and Willie retreated to a three-story Swiss chalet in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies.

Counting their Malibu Beach place, the Nelsons now have three residences, but Willie's true home is still the road. He travels 250 days a year, crisscrossing the country from bastions of the Bible Belt to glittering emporiums like Las Vegas' Golden Nugget, with forays to outposts like New Jersey's Meadowlands stadium, across the Hudson River from Manhattan, where he recently played before a youthful crowd of 62,000 (most of them fans of the headline act the Grateful Dead). He carries with him his "family"

of 25 musicians, technicians and hangers-on, who use nicknames among themselves like "T. Snake," "The Beast" and "Fast Eddie." Some of their escapades are memorialized in Willie's song about his long-time drummer, aide and confidant, Paul ("The Devil") English, 45, who packs a .38 special on the bandstand:

*... Almost busted in Laredo
But for reasons that I'd rather not
disclose ...
We received our education
In the cities of the nation,
Me and Paul.*

Besides drinking "a lot of whisky," Willie has been through many drug scenes, including pills, acid, mescaline and cocaine (which he didn't like). He is



Jogging away pressures during off-hours

Karma, motion and kicking down doors.

now a confirmed marijuana smoker. When he goes too long between tokes he says he gets "hyper." His famous quick temper begins to flare at insistently ringing phones (he rips them out of the wall), officious security guards—or a special vexation—closed doors. "I can't tell you how many doors he has kicked down," laughs Connie. "Sometimes he even has the key in his pocket."

Yet Willie is a roughneck with a poet's soul. When his dander isn't up he is courteous and soft-spoken, with some of the grave self-possession of the country man. His favorite reading is Khalil Gibran and Edgar Cayce. Sitting around hotel rooms, he muses often on the theory of reincarnation and on karma as a sort of Newton's Third Law of the spirit ("Whatever goes around, comes around").

Willie is "irresistible to women," says a female member of his entourage, "because he's so sensitive along with being so masculine—like Shane." Willie acknowledges that people find his calm or silent phases "mysterious." He pauses and smiles. "Course they don't know I'm completely ripped."

Willie also seeks detachment from the pressures of performing by jogging almost daily. Motion is the primary law of life for him. He writes most of his songs on the run, scribbling them on cardboard boxes, napkins, the backs of airline tickets. Best of all, he likes to compose them in his head while roaring down a highway in a car. Four years ago, he and Connie sketched out the whole of his *Red Headed Stranger* LP during an all-night drive from Colorado to Texas, fitting new songs side by side with traditional tunes and country standards to form a unified narrative of love and death, sin and redemption.

"In my mind," says Willie, "I was seeing a movie unfold." Sure enough, Universal Pictures is interested in making a film based on the album. Willie has formed a production company to handle the deal. A canny businessman beneath his roistering exterior, he usually produces his own albums, has several real estate holdings in Texas and is majority owner of a record label and publishing company.

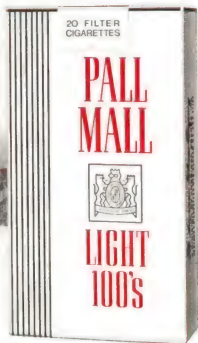
All of which has made Willie a millionaire on paper. He could afford to ease off before risking a fall from the charts, to quit the road and spend more time with his family (he and Connie have daughters, ages 8 and 5, scarcely older than the four grandchildren that stem from his first marriage). But Willie knows the touring will never end. First and last he is a honky-tonk troubadour. To see him on a bandstand is to see a man truly in his element. He is hunched over his battered Martin acoustic guitar, nodding and smiling as the applause of recognition washes over the opening bars of each number; singing to a shouted obligato of "You said it, Willie! Sing it!"; swigging a beer between phrases or cheerfully knocking back the shots of booze passed up to him from the audience; remaining unperturbed even when a burly fan in sheer exuberance hurls a table onto the bandstand—bottles, glasses and all.

*People are sayin' ...
That I'm livin' too fast
And they say I can't last for much longer ...*

To such people, and to the vagaries of age, fame and hard living, Willie's hell-bent answer is *Pick Up the Tempo*:

*Little they know
That the beat ought to go
Just a little faster,
So pick up the tempo just a little
And take it on home*

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Press

The Prisoners of Thurmont

For the Camp followers, nary a leak to plug

While Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin were conferring with Jimmy Carter at Camp David, a vignette that might have been lifted from Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* was being played out six miles away in the town of Thurmont, Md. (pop. 2,400). Just as a *Newsweek* reporter sat down to interview ABC White House Correspondent Sam Donaldson about his adventures covering the summit, a Swedish television crew glided up to film the exchange. Within seconds, an Israeli TV unit began filming the Swedes filming the *Newsweek* reporter interviewing ABC's Donaldson. Then two Egyptian journalists sidled over and started taking notes on how the Israelis were filming the Swedes filming.

So it went all week. Assembled from around the world to cover one of the year's biggest stories, more than 300 reporters, editors, network anchors, producers and technicians found themselves talking to one another in Thurmont's Edward C. Creeger Jr. American Legion Post No. 168, where a press center had been set up. Or they prowled the woods and roads near the gates of Camp David amid a growing armada of sound trucks. Poking through the greenery like the head of a dinosaur, the occasional giant cherry picker, hired at great expense by TV networks, hoisted transmitting antennas above the trees.

As far as newsmakers went, everyone might just as well have stayed at home. One reason for the Camp David meetings was President Carter's hope of liberating the participants from the constraints of their own past rhetoric. That meant keeping them away from the press too. To prevent either side from stealing the show, top aides accompanying Sadat and Begin agreed to refrain from leaking to the press until the talks ended.

The Egyptians and Israelis also agreed that White House Press Secretary Jody Powell would be the sole dispenser of information to journalists. Presiding over the single daily press briefing, Powell confined himself intentionally to what he called "rather innocent information" and even refused to acknowledge that negotiations were taking place; he would call them only "serious discussions." CBS's Robert Pierpoint apologized on the air: "We're doing our best with the material at hand. Walter, and maybe later the news will be better." NBC was reduced to opening one news broadcast with extensive closeup footage of a honey bee working over Camp David daisies.

There were other distractions in Thurmont besides the absence of news.



Idle cameraman seeking news from outside



Attentive reporters in impromptu pressroom
Disastrous attempts at onescopmanship.

The press center dispensed cheap booze (35¢ for a beer, 50¢ for hard stuff). Idle journalists could walk the length of Thurmont's main street in about seven minutes or gawk at ABC's Barbara Walters and Anchor Frank Reynolds as they tried to negotiate the town's narrow streets in their matching chauffeur-driven Fleetwood limousines.

The news blackout will surely evaporate by the time talks conclude, as each party competes to broadcast its version of the proceedings. Until then, the prisoners of Thurmont will have to function largely without leaks, a handicap that often results in minor disaster and desperate attempts at onescopmanship. The A.P. reported, erroneously, that Carter and Begin had talked for 3½ hours Tuesday night and would eat lunch with Sadat on Wednesday (in fact, the Tuesday meeting lasted only two hours and Wednesday's luncheon did not take place). A.P. recovered by getting hold of a pool photo of Sadat and Begin an hour before rival United Press International had a copy. A Baltimore *Sun* reporter filed the news that when Sadat prays toward Mecca, he is actually facing Baltimore. And one Israeli correspondent, lacking any other sign of progress, timed Carter's and Begin's initial embrace (nine seconds). Sadat got a longer hug (13 seconds) from Carter, he reported, but Begin's was more "intense."

Gold Coast Gambling

Should a paper put its money where its mouth is?

Southern Florida's Gold Coast, a narrow strip of sun-drenched sand and aging hotels that stretches north from Miami Beach, has fallen on bad times: the beaches have been slipping into the Atlantic and the tourists are slipping north to Disney World and south to Caribbean casinos. So some of the area's businessmen have been pressing hard for the legalization of casino gambling, a matter voters will decide in a Nov. 7 referendum.

The measure is opposed by Governor Reubin Askew, clergymen, parimutuel operators—and many of the state's leading newspapers. But instead of merely editorializing against the threat of corruption and organized crime, the papers have become major contributors of money to the anti-gambling efforts. Their role raises thorny questions of ethics and propriety.

According to campaign spending reports filed late last month, Florida news organizations have paid or pledged some \$175,000 to No Casinos Inc., the principal anti-gambling lobby. Big spenders in-

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Press

cluded the St. Petersburg *Times*, Jacksonville's *Florida Times-Union* (the Chicago Tribune Co./Orlando *Sentinel Star*, Fort Lauderdale *News*), the Cox Newspapers (Miami *News*, Palm Beach *Post and Times*), the Tampa *Tribune* and Wometco Enterprises (Miami's WTVJ-TV)—each of which gave \$25,000. The Knight-Ridder chain's Miami *Herald*, largest paper in the state, gave \$10,000.

The newspapers have no immediate financial interest in opposing casino gambling. Indeed, papers around the Gold Coast would probably gain from any casino-induced economic revival. So why did the publishers ante up? "We want to participate on the local level with other Florida businesses that see the serious social and economic dangers of casino gambling," says Miami *Herald* President Alvah Chapman Jr., who was designated by Governor Askew to be a chief fund raiser for the fight. Says Orlando *Sentinel* Star Editor James Squires: "This just happens to be a case of a newspaper putting its money where its mouth is for once."

So far, the contributions do not appear to have affected news coverage of the casino gambling. One small exception: participating papers neglected to reveal their financial stake until forced to by last month's disclosure of campaign spending. Still, the Gannett Co.'s four Florida dailies declined to contribute, despite a personal appeal from Askew to chain President Allen Neuharth. The Miami *News* last week printed a letter from 47



Sanford Weiner, chief tactician for Florida's casino lobby, in Miami Beach

420,073 SIGNATURES!



Askew tries to put bite on Gannett's Neuharth
Gambling with credibility.

employees objecting to the paper's contribution. "Nobody is censoring our copy," says Miami *Herald* Reporter Pat Riordan, "but this whole thing raises the appearance of a conflict of interest."

Perhaps more troublesome is an attempt by pro-gambling forces to make the financial role of the press a major issue. Spokesman Sanford Weiner has questioned the objectivity of contributing news organizations, and has charged that a number of Florida television stations have refused pro-casino ads. (Though

broadcasters are required by law to air opposing sides of a "controversial" public issue, the Federal Communications Commission has rarely forced stations to accept "controversial" advertising.)

Late opinion polls show that Florida voters are split about even on the issue. Some election handicappers think that if the proposition is defeated, the newspapers' financial help may be the deciding factor. Does that really matter? Because the press in many places is reticent about covering its own affairs, no one really knows how common it is for a news organization to lobby behind the scenes or support a controversial cause financially. Yet a number of papers and journalists' groups have codes of ethics that ban such involvement. Whether or not Florida's press succeeds in defeating casino gambling, news organizations that intend to unmask conflicts of interest among public figures may find it prudent to avoid potential entanglements themselves. ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Bruce Jenner**, 29, Olympic decathlon gold medalist of 1976 and television personality, and **Chrystie Jenner**, 30, former flight attendant a boy, their first child, in Los Angeles. Name: Burton William Weight. 7 lbs. 12 oz.

DIED. **Keith Moon**, 32, frenzied drummer for rock's veteran group, The Who, of a drug overdose, in London. Moon joined the band 14 years ago and took part in its greatest artistic success, the rock opera *Tommy* (1969). A manic performer, he was equally spirited offstage. He estimated having paid \$400,000 in hotel and restaurant damages during his touring days. The day after he announced his engagement, at a party given by ex-Beatle Paul McCartney, he was found dead in his apartment by his fiancée.

DIED. **Metropolitan Nikodim**, 48, Russian Orthodox Archbishop of Leningrad and Novgorod, of a heart attack during an

audience with Pope John Paul I. in Vatican City. Consecrated a bishop in 1960 and an archbishop a year later. Nikodim served as a president of the World Council of Churches. Though he refused to criticize Moscow's restrictions on religious freedom, he was respected by other denominational leaders for his ecumenism. Nikodim headed his church's delegation at the accession of the new Pope, who administered his last rites.

DIED. **Adolf ("Adi") Dassler**, 77, sports shoe mogul from whose name came the title of his brand—Adidas, of a heart attack, in Herzogenaurach, West Germany. Dassler and his brother entered the shoe business in 1920, but split after World War II to form fiercely competing firms. With some \$700 million in sales yearly, Adidas leads the field in athletic footwear, his brother's company, Puma, is a distant second.

DIED. **Benjamin Sonnenberg**, 72, public re-

lations wizard whose clients once included Philip Morris, CBS and Samuel Goldwyn, of a heart attack, in New York City. A young immigrant who became head of his own public relations firm in the 1920s, the walrus-mustached Sonnenberg dressed like an Edwardian, cultivated the rich and powerful, and lived in a style most of his clients envied. In his 37-room antique-filled mansion on Manhattan's Gramercy Park, he held lavish soirees at which he flourished as raconteur and keeper of secrets, wheeler-dealer and patron of intellectuals. Sonnenberg once proclaimed: "I want my house and office to convey an impression of stability and to give myself a dimension, background and tradition that go back to the Nile."

DIED. **Jack L. Warner**, 86, last of the four pioneering film-producing brothers who in 1927 brought out the first sound movie *The Jazz Singer*, of inflammation of the heart, in Los Angeles.

Medicine

Living Disease

Smallpox reappears in Britain

Time and again the World Health Organization has declared smallpox extinct, only to have the ancient scourge reappear like a genie from a virologist's flask. Although the last known case of smallpox occurred in Somalia last October, the disease has not died out. An Englishwoman working at the University of Birmingham Medical School contracted it, presumably from virus escaping from a lab on a floor below. Before the case was diagnosed, a co-worker flew off to North Dakota on a holiday, thereby extending the smallpox alert to the U.S.

So far the only known victim is Janet Parker, 40, a medical photographer. She developed fever and a rash in early August, but two weeks passed before her illness was diagnosed as variola major, the severe form of smallpox. The time lag is understandable. There have been no smallpox deaths in Britain for five years, and doctors rarely see the disease.

Health officials quickly quarantined almost 300 of Parker's close associates and casual contacts. And in the North Da-

kota farming town of Lakota, local authorities, aided by an epidemiologist sent by the U.S. Center for Disease Control, kept the vacationing British woman and residents under surveillance. Though the contacts on both sides of the Atlantic remained well last week, smallpox jitters gripped Birmingham, England's second most populous city, and thousands of people demanded immediate inoculations.

Parker appeared to be recovering, but her case indirectly claimed two lives. Her father, Frederick Witcomb, 77, died of an apparent heart attack after learning of his daughter's illness. Henry Bedson, 48, head of Birmingham's microbiology department and official custodian of its smallpox virus, was found with his throat slashed, with no indication of foul play.

Because the incident follows a similar one at a London hospital in 1973 that claimed two lives, it confirmed WHO's belief that virus labs have become the last major source of smallpox danger. Already WHO has recommended that only five centers in the entire world, including the CDC in Atlanta, be allowed to store strains of the virus for research purposes. Birmingham was not one of these, and Bedson had planned to destroy his lethal collection in 1980. ■

Dying Autopsies

A trend worrying doctors

In the 3rd century B.C., the Greek anatomist Erasistratus noticed that the liver of a man dead of dropsy was as hard as stone but that of a man who had died of snakebite was soft. So physicians have long known that examining the dead could provide valuable information for the living. By the 20th century, the post-mortem examination, or autopsy (from the Greek for seeing with one's own eyes), had become a routine medical procedure. Yet since the end of World War II there has been a sharp reversal, and the autopsy itself appears to be dying. In 1950 nearly half of all patients who died in hospitals were autopsied. Now the figure has dropped to about 20%.

The autopsy is not performed merely to establish the cause of death. It is also of enormous importance in helping define the course of diseases and in evaluating the effectiveness of new therapies. Not the least of its benefits, especially if a child has died, is that it can lift a burden of guilt by showing that the family was in no way responsible.

If autopsies are so valuable, why are





Painting of an anatomy lesson by 17th century Dutch Artist Mierevelt
Important information for the living from an examination after death

they being abandoned? For one thing, they cost from \$500 to \$1,200, which is usually borne by the hospital itself. For another, there is not much pressure to do them. In 1971 the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals dropped its recommendation that hospitals autopsy at least 20% to 25% of their deaths. Also, fewer families seem to be giving their consent, partly on the advice of morticians

who see autopsies as a delay and hindrance to embalming.

Physicians too have become autopsy-shy. As Dr. William Masters, chief of anatomic pathology at Atlanta's Emory University Hospital, points out "Medicine in general is more interested in the living, for whom it can perhaps still do something." And in an age of malpractice suits, doctors may also fear what

an autopsy will reveal about their skills and judgment.

Some argue that because of new diagnostic tools like computerized X-ray scanners, the autopsy is now rarely needed to determine the cause of death. Says Ralph Greene, pathologist at Chicago's Portes Cancer Prevention Center: "Most autopsies these days are useless."

Many pathologists disagree. Says Dr. Nancy Warner of Los Angeles County-Southern California Medical Center: "Everyone is dead certain they know what a patient has, and on autopsy it turns out to be something else." Several studies have shown that in about 25% of autopsied cases, the post-mortem findings do not agree with the major clinical diagnoses made while the patient was alive. That does not necessarily mean that the doctor was careless, only that certain ailments, like cancer of the pancreas or bacterial infections in heart valves, are extremely difficult to diagnose. Thus, without verification by autopsy, the information on the death certificate—and, consequently, national disease statistics—are only informed guesses.

Beyond all this, the autopsy is a benchmark for medical performance. As Pathology Chief Dante Scarpelli of Chicago's Northwestern Memorial Hospital explains: "A careful autopsy is the very best quality control instrument." Or, more bluntly, it keeps the doctor from quietly burying his mistakes. ■

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Far from their employer's elaborate Victorian house, migrant workers harvest wheat in Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*

Cinema

Night of the Locust

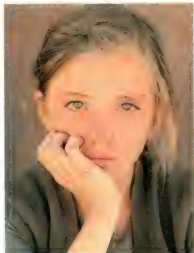
DAYS OF HEAVEN Directed and Written by Terrence Malick

Days of Heaven is lush with brilliant images. Set in the Texas Panhandle just before World War I, this movie unleashes one spectacular panorama after another: snowy plains aglow in the blue light of a winter moon, wheatfields shimmering under a burnt autumn sun, expansive skies carpeted with cumulus clouds. There is enough beauty here for a dozen movies; yet the total effect is far from pretty. Slowly but surely the sharp images carve away at the audience's guts.

Like *Badlands*, Director Terrence Malick's remarkable first film, his new work is a bleak and unstiting attack on America's materialistic culture. But Malick is an artist, not a polemicist; his scabrous ideas are expressed in the elegiac terms of a fable. In *Days of Heaven* he tells of a migrant worker, Bill (Richard Gere), who travels from Chicago with his lover Abby (Brooke Adams) and his kid sister Linda (Linda Manz) to harvest wheat for an aristocratic Texas farmer (Playwright Sam Shepard). Tired of "nos-ing around like a pig" and infuriated by his employer's wealth, Bill decides to use the ravishing Abby to bilk the farmer out of his fortune. No sooner does the scheme get going, however, than Abby falls in love with her prey.

Out of this slender tale, which pointedly recalls Theodore Dreiser's novels of the period, Malick constructs a complex web of moral ambiguities. He invites us to sympathize with the criminal Bill and Abby, who have a right to revolt against poverty. But he also arouses our affection for the privileged farmer, a kind and sick-

ly man whose riches pay off only in loneliness and boredom. To Malick, all these people are victims of their innocent faith in a warped American dream. Their tragedy is that they blame themselves, rather than their false ideals, for the misery of their lives. Though none of the characters can find either happiness or justice, God ultimately passes his own judgment on their plight. *Days of Heaven* climaxes with a cleansing, Old Testament plague of locusts—a nighttime Apocalypse so damning that it makes the similar finale



Narrator Linda Manz

Sharp images and homespun terrors

of Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust* seem tame by comparison.

To help carry out his spellbinding vision, Malick has turned to some of the most talented figures in European film making: Cinematographer Nestor Almendros (*Claire's Knee*) and Composer Ennio Morricone (*1900*). Their work is stunning; yet there is no mistaking *Days of Heaven* for anything other than an American movie. Malick's ability to capture the terror in plain, homespun settings recalls the spooky vistas of Painter Edward Hopper. The film's naive narration—recited in deadpan colloquialisms by the teen-age Linda—is right out of Ring Lardner's sardonic stories. In the tradition of these other native ironists, Malick keeps his distance from his material. Though built around a heartbreaking love triangle, *Days of Heaven* has no introspective dialogue and no Freudian fireworks. Accordingly, actors have been cast more on the basis of how they look than how they emote. Except for Gere, who is too manicured to pass for a migrant, the cast serves the movie well. In a more conventional film, perhaps, Gere might have caused severe damage; here he is just an irritant.

The real meaning of *Days of Heaven* emerges from its images, not its players. Nowhere is this more evident than in the film's final scenes, when the action shifts from the farm to a bustling nearby town of 1917. Suddenly we are in the death throes of oldtime America: smiling doughboys hop on trains to the blare of brass bands. At that moment *Days of Heaven* effortlessly transcends its own story to prefigure the history of an era. As Malick's characters lost their innocence on a ravaged wheatfield in Texas, so would a nation on the bloody battlefields of the first World War.

—Frank Rich

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People



Ann-Margret puts her best faces forward in a tribute to Radio City

Even Hollywood would probably turn down so implausible a plot: a little Swedish girl emigrates to the U.S. with Mommy and Daddy and goes to Radio City Music Hall on her very first night in America. That evening convinces her that she wants to be an entertainer when she grows up. She succeeds and eventually plays the role of a Rockette in a big, splashy TV show about Radio City. Which just happens to be the real-life story of Ann-Margret, who appears with Beverly Sills and Diahann Carroll in NBC's Dec. 14 special, *Rockette: A Holiday Tribute to the Radio City Music Hall*. In preparation for the show, Ann-Margret practiced in front of mirrors, producing all by herself one of the most spectacular lineups of Rockettes ever.

Indian pudding, fish chowder and corned beef hash. Has Julia Child flipped her toque? No, America's most visible French chef has simply decided that it is time for a new cuisine art. On *Julia Child & Company*, a new television series that PBS will inaugurate in ear-

ly October, she will whip up eclectic menus liberally seasoned with dishes from the U.S. Each show in the series is built around a distinctive gastronomic occasion, such as dinner for the boss or a pre-football-game lunch. "We hope to interest people in good cooking," says Child. "We want them to say, 'If she can do it, I can.'" The show should also help Child cook her way out



Child cooks up a new TV series spiced with American cuisine



Helmut Schmidt conjures up a levitation act on the chancery grounds

of a Gallie rut. Says she: "I've been in the French straitjacket for a long time."

Every politician has a trick or two up his sleeve, but West Germany's Chancellor **Helmut Schmidt** has worked wonders. During the annual summer festival (this year's theme: Philosophers' Reverie) on the chancery grounds in Bonn, Schmidt got a little help from a professional conjurer and presto! levitated a woman. Then the Chancellor jubilantly passed a hoop over her body to show that it was not supported by wires. Why mix politics and magic? Like the levitated body, explained Schmidt, "problems are suspended and have to be solved."

America's No. 1 mouse and Japan's No. 1 man are old friends. Ever since his tour of Disneyland in 1975, **Emperor Hirohito** has treasured a memento of his trip: a **Mickey Mouse** wristwatch. Even on the most formal occasions, His Majesty has been observed wearing his Mickey Mouse. Thus there was dismay in the royal household when the trusty watch stopped ticking, and concerned palace chamberlains rushed it to Tokyo experts specializing in American timepieces. The diagnosis? A new battery was needed. Last week, his hands moving again, Mickey was reunited with Hirohito.

On the Record

Joseph Bolker, Christina Onassis's first husband: "What Christina always wanted was a home with a white picket fence, a garden, a baby... and a nursemaid, of course."

Aaron Copland, septuagenarian composer-conductor, on his craft: "Conducting is a real sport. You can never guarantee what the results are going to be, so there's always an element of chance. That keeps it exciting."

Jimmy Carter, in a note hand-delivered by Vice President **Walter Mondale** to **Pope John Paul II**: "As one who wasn't expected to be President, I feel we have much in common."

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equipped 1978 Volvo 264GL sedan with sunroof remains where it was last November: \$10,595.* In fact, prices on the entire line of Volvo sedans and wagons are unchanged since last fall.

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Television

Small-Screen Star Wars

Battlestar Galactica seems strangely familiar

What much-ballyhooed show has the following elements: 1) a wise old man whose mission is to save the human race; 2) an unusually nasty villain who wants to destroy the human race; 3) two handsome young bucks who trade good-humored gibes; 4) the most huggable little robot in the universe; 5) a bizarre barroom populated by inhuman creatures on a desert planet; 6) lots of gray spaceships whishing around against a brilliant blue background?

The answer, as anyone knows who has been watching TV promotion spots lately, is ABC's new series *Battlestar Galactica*, perhaps the most blatant rip-off ever

lo. *Galactica*'s version of Artoo Detoo is a robot dog, a "daggit," named Muffit. Unfortunately, the duplicator at Universal Studios, which is producing the show, seems to have broken down before it could re-create the inimitable Threepio or *Star Wars*' Wookiee, the most famous Teddy bear since Winnie-the-Pooh.

Universal has spent more money on *Galactica*, or *Star Wars* 1½, as it might be called, than anyone has ever spent on a TV series before—\$15 million, nearly double the cost of *Star Wars* itself. Moreover, Tektronix, Inc., a computer firm, has contributed a real computerized control room, and John Dykstra, 31, who cre-

yond what he did in *Star Wars*, and he has already withdrawn from full-time participation in the series. "I burned out doing that show," he says. "I got tired of trying to do complicated things in that environment [at Universal]." TV executives, he says, are accustomed to changing a script several times a week. Actors can learn new lines every day, but Dykstra's special effects are not so adaptable. Says he: "Things couldn't be changed easily. It might take me two weeks to shoot a particular scene." Dykstra is also resentful of comparisons to *Star Wars*. "We didn't want to do a rip-off," he complains. "We wanted to do a genre picture."

20th Century-Fox, which produced *Star Wars*, feels ripped off nonetheless and is suing Universal for infringement of copyright and unfair competition. Says Fox Vice President Joseph Gallagher: "We are convinced that Universal doesn't have a right to produce this show." Universal huffily replies that *Star Wars* itself is a shameless imitation of Universal's own 1972 film *Silent Running*, directed by Douglas Trumbull, and is countersuing. *Galactica* Producer Glen Larson, who has made a profitable career out of turning other people's movie plots, including *Coogan's Bluff* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, into his own TV shows (*McCloud* and *Alias Smith and Jones*), mildly dismisses the notion that his new show was inspired by *Star Wars*. "I think our story is very fresh," he asserts, "and we've made our own breakthroughs."

It may all end in court, but in the meantime viewers will probably be able to see at least the first year's run of *Galactica* and have a chance to make up their own minds. Universal's toughest jury, in fact, may be those several hundred families that decide the Nielsen ratings. Science fiction has never been very popular on prime-time television, particularly among women viewers, and *Galactica* will face that long-term prejudice. Viewer curiosity and ABC's continual promotion will probably bring in high ratings initially, but the show will soon need something more than special effects—namely believable plots and characters—in order to survive what promises to be television's most competitive year. ■

New Season: II

Vicious WEB, half-baked PIE

WEB. (Sept. 13, NBC, 10 p.m. E.D.T.) When the movie *Network* came out two years ago, rumors ran that the Faye Dunaway character was actually based on Lin Bolen, a onetime programming v.p. at NBC. This was nasty gossip, because Dunaway played a feral TV executive who might run over her grandmother in pursuit of higher ratings. Bolen survived



Lorne Greene and Richard Hatch map out strategy in front of interstellar chart

Some devilish mischief and a desperate search for a lost human colony called Earth.

to appear on the small screen. The show ripped off, naturally, is *Star Wars*, which *Galactica* copies in nearly everything but wit and talent. As a result, even before the show premieres this Sunday, it has been caught up in legal controversy.

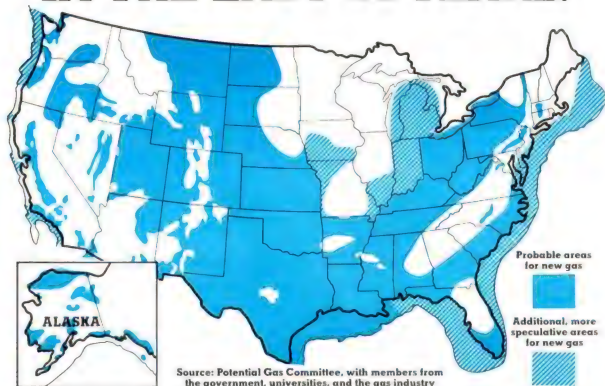
The plot differs from *Star Wars* only in detail by some devilish mischief, a race of robots has razed twelve of the 13 planets harboring the human race. Led by a human renegade called Count Baltar, a first cousin to Darth Vader, the robots take off in hot pursuit of the survivors of the dozen planets, who are manning a rag-tag fleet hovering around the "battlestar" *Galactica*. The humans are desperately searching for the 13th planet, a lost, legendary human colony called Earth. Lorne Greene is the wise old man in charge, and Dirk Benedict and Richard Hatch play Han Solo and Luke Skywalker...oops, Lieut. Starbuck and Captain Apol-

ated the wizardly special effects for *Star Wars*, was commissioned to work the same magic for *Galactica*.

Star Wars fans will recognize his touch in some fierce space battle scenes and seemingly three-dimensional images of stars and planets. Similar tricks were also used to move the various robots. Whereas Artoo Detoo was powered by a midget, *Galactica*'s Muffit hides a chimpanzee, which Dykstra figured could more easily reproduce the unpredictable, jumpy actions of another animal, or robot animal. The formidable Lucifer, Count Baltar's aptly named robot assistant, however, does house a man. Since Actor Bobby Porter is only 4 ft. 11 in., the towering Lucifer has 18 unoccupied inches on top for a plastic head and enough flashing lights to start his own discotheque.

Dykstra claims that he was not given the time or the authority to go much be-

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W.E.B. Heroine Pamela Bellwood

A monster that never stops eating.

all the talk and has now re-emerged as the executive producer of *W.E.B.* Set at a fictional TV network, the show is Bolen's rejoinder to the movie that savaged her. Or at least it is supposed to be. Curiously enough, the heroine of *W.E.B.* (Pamela Bellwood) is also a predatory TV executive, who, in the opening episode, sells out her lover in pursuit of higher ratings. With friends like herself, Lin Bolen does not need enemies.

Its tawdry *roman à clef* aspects aside, *W.E.B.* is not without its amusingly smarmy moments. This show's view of the industry is even more vicious than *Networks*. According to Bolen, TV is run by sex-crazed, alcoholic, pill-popping men whose contempt for the public is exceeded only by their contempt for each other. "Television is a monster that never stops eating," explains one of them. True enough, but *W.E.B.* gives viewers that rare opportunity to watch television throw up.

Apple Pie (Sept. 23, ABC, 8:30 p.m. E.D.T.). Other people have had days, so why shouldn't Norman Lear? It must have been a dark afternoon in Beverly Hills when the producer dreamed up this sitcom. A dumb idea, indifferently executed, *Apple Pie* is easily the worst show ever from the Lear factory. It makes *Hot 1 Baltimore* look like *Heartbreak House*.

The charming Rue McClanahan, late of Lear's *Maude*, stars as a fey woman who, in the Depression, hires an entire family out of the want ads. Why? Never mind. Suffice it to say that there are a lot of F.D.R. and Anna May Wong jokes. Among the unruly supporting players, Dabney Coleman is refreshingly laid back as the heroine's hired fella, but the gifted Jack Gilford is squandered as a crochety blind grandpa. Someone should put *Apple Pie* back in the oven. —**Frank Rich**

Theater

Telling Triumph

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL

The simple audacity of the enterprise is breathtaking. English Actor Alec McCowen, casually dressed in a sports coat and open-necked shirt, strolls onto a stage furnished only with a table and three chairs and recites, from memory, the entire Gospel according to St. Mark, then strolls off again. It is the sort of feat that inevitably is called a tour de force; yet a tour de force is precisely what it is not. The performance, quietly magnificent as it is, nevertheless is purged of all bravura. It is compelling theater that is at the same time nontheatrical.

During some disarmingly offhand remarks made before launching into his text, McCowen makes it clear that he has no theological reasons for choosing Mark over the other Gospels. His concern is with words, not the Word. Mark happens to be the shortest (two hours, ten minutes in this performance, with one intermission) and "the easiest one to tell aloud." The fact that most biblical scholars believe it is also the earliest and the closest to original sources seems to be an incidental benefit.

The operative word for McCowen is tell. He tells Mark's story, he does not in-tone it. He clears away the ponderousness and singsong preachiness of centuries of Bible reading to rediscover the urgent, living voice of a man who is recounting nearly contemporary events, many of them derived from eyewitness accounts.

Through that living voice, living people begin to inhabit the stage: the scribes and Pharisees, hardened by suspicion and orthodoxy; the Disciples, stalwart but muddled; Jesus himself, patient and determined but often exasperated ("Perceive ye not yet, neither understand?")

Mccowen sketches in these characterizations with a few gestures—flinging up his arms, walking a few steps, sitting, taking a well-judged pause for a sip of water. But mostly this is acting, as the saying goes, from the neck up. It rests on vocal virtuosity, powerfully abetted by the matchless pith and vigor of the King James version.

McCowen's narrative throbs with excitement or drops to an astonished whisper during his recounting of the miracles. He stifles a yelp of laughter at supplicants removing the roof of a house to get at Jesus (one of several surprisingly humorous moments). He rises to a tipsy bellow as Herod offers Salome a reward for her dancing, then sheers off into girlish silliness when Salome, as if for want of anything better, asks for the head of John the Baptist.

Only in the somber final chapters,

through Gethsemane and the Crucifixion, does McCowen abandon these shadings for an almost severely straightforward manner. With a sure instinct, he realizes that here a minimum of effects will achieve the greatest effect.

Fine actors, like fine singers, can be divided into recital artists and operatic rather ringers. McCowen, 53, with his refined emotional pitch, his dryly witty intelligence and his meticulous craft, is one of the recitalists. He has had showpiece roles—notably the title role in *Hadrian VII* and the psychiatrist in the original London production of *Equus*—but even these called more for finesse than fire.

In *St. Mark's Gospel* McCowen has found a vehicle perfectly suited to his range. For the material most resembles an extended song cycle. Nuance, focus and miniaturized drama are the order of the evening. Piety aside, the broader and deeper emotions are not often invoked. The performance unavoidably remains a bit rarefied, which is no doubt why it is booked for a three-week run in the small (249 seats) theater of Manhattan Marymount College. After a similarly modest beginning in London, however, it escalated into one of last spring's solid West End hits. McCowen is scheduled for a three-month tour of the U.S., including another visit to New York and culminating in a return to London for a one-night stand at Westminster Abbey.

Gospel, of course, means good news—which these plans certainly are for the theatergoers in both countries. As delivered by McCowen, *Mark* is a triumph of the human voice and the English language. —**Christopher Porterfield**



McCowen in solo performance of Mark

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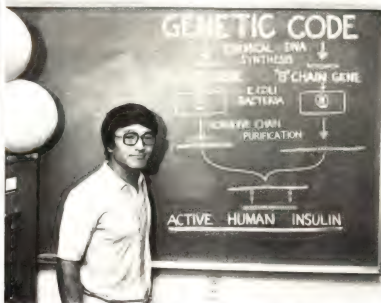


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Science



City of Hope's Keiichi Itakura explaining the work of the hormone-making teams

Creating Insulin

With a little help from E. coli

So many public alarms have been sounded lately about the possible perils of genetic engineering that its vast potential for good has often been overlooked. Now that imbalance should be somewhat corrected. Last week, after months of careful, skillful and imaginative use of the new gene-splicing techniques, California scientists announced that they had achieved a long sought goal: the creation in the lab of a microbe that can manufacture human-type insulin.

For those diabetics who either cannot make enough of the vital hormone or cannot use it effectively, the feat is potentially a double boon. In years ahead, it should ensure them of an abundant supply of insulin, which is needed by the body to metabolize sugar and other carbohydrates. It will also reduce their dependence on insulin extracted from cattle and swine, which causes allergic reactions in some 5% of the diabetics who need it.

The successful work was a joint effort of two five-man research teams—one at the City of Hope National Medical Center in the Los Angeles suburb of Duarte, under Dr. Keiichi Itakura, the other led by Biochemist David Goeddel at a small South San Francisco biochemical firm, Genentech Inc. Though scientists had already produced a precursor of rat insulin with bacteria, making the finished human variety posed greater difficulties. For it consists of two distinct molecular chains, a so-called A strand and a B strand, each

of which is produced separately inside the cells of the pancreas under the direction of its own characteristic gene.

Synthesizing copies of these genes, or segments of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), was difficult enough. But much harder was the job of getting the genetic instructions inside the potential bacterial factory, a weakened lab strain of the intestinal microbe *Escherichia coli*. The scientists resorted to a little molecular chicanery. Using their new gene-splicing or recombinant DNA techniques, they hitched their two synthetic insulin genes individually to one of the bacterium's own genes. Then they inserted both the synthetic and the natural material into fresh *E. coli*. As a result, *E. coli*'s DNA-reading machinery was unable to distinguish the foreign genes from its own and began ordering up production of the two chains of insulin. When the bacteria divided, each new generation of *E. coli* retained the insulin-making ability. Boasted City of Hope's Arthur Riggs: "We have tricked the bacteria." All that he and his colleagues had left to do was extract the two chains and join them to make whole molecules of human insulin.

Much more research is required before bacterial-made insulin reaches the retail pharmacy. City of Hope Diabetologist Rachmiel Levine suggested that this might happen in two to five years. Eli Lilly & Co., which produces most of the insulin now used in the U.S., shied away from such optimistic projections but announced an agreement with Genentech to begin a program for mass-producing insulin with the help of the tiny bacteria. ■

Warming Earth?

CO₂ may change world climate

Nature could hardly have created anything that seems more innocuous. An invisible and odorless gas, carbon dioxide is a simple molecular linkup of just a single atom of carbon and two atoms of oxygen (CO₂). It constitutes a mere fraction of the atmosphere (.03% vs. about 78% for nitrogen and 20% for oxygen) but becomes dangerous to man and other air-breathing creatures when it accumulates in concentrations higher than 10% as, say, at the bottom of deep wells or mine shafts.

Yet CO₂ is vitally important to the earth's well-being. A key ingredient in photosynthesis—the miraculous process by which green plants grow and produce oxygen—CO₂ directly or indirectly sustains all terrestrial life. Now it appears that the gas may carry the potential for trouble as well. Accumulating in the atmosphere at an accelerating rate, carbon dioxide could significantly raise global temperatures by early in the next century and dramatically alter the quality of life. With such a prospect under study, a federal official says: "We have about ten years to come up with an answer."

As the density of CO₂ increases, the gas acts somewhat like a one-way mirror. Rays of life-giving sunlight can pierce it, heating the surface of the earth. But when this heat is radiated back by the ground in the form of longer infra-red waves, it is screened by the CO₂, which absorbs it, thereby raising its own temperature and that of the ground. This so-called greenhouse effect is dependent on the concentration of atmospheric CO₂; the greater the amount, the warmer the earth may become.

There is nothing mysterious about the buildup of atmospheric CO₂. All fires, from the smoky flames of cave dwellers to the roaring hearth of a modern steel plant, produce CO₂. It makes no difference whether the fire is fueled by wood, coal, oil or gas. The inevitable byproduct is always dumped into what scientists sardonically call the "sewer in the sky."

Enormous quantities of CO₂ have been belched into the atmosphere since the start of the Industrial Revolution. But only recently has the increase become a cause of concern. In the past 20 years, it rose almost as much as it did in the century before. These measurements, made by the Scripps Institution of Oceanography atop Mauna Loa volcano on the island of Hawaii, are confirmed by similar readings at locations as far-flung as the South Pole, Alaska and Samoa.

Of the millions of tons of CO₂ poured into the atmospheric sewer each day, about half apparently remains there. Still

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unclear is where the rest goes. The oceans provide a major natural "sink," soaking up much of its solution, as do the world's great forested zones, which sop up CO₂ for photosynthesis.

But an increasing number of scientists maintain that the forests are being slashed and burned at a perilous rate. This is being done both to extend agriculture and, especially in the impoverished developing countries, to use the wood as a fuel. By desiccating and destroying the land, the ruthless felling of trees has still another harmful side effect: it exposes rich topsoil, or humus, and allows the escape of CO₂ formerly trapped in it.

Yet by far the most significant factor in the accumulation of CO₂ is the burning of fossil fuels. Especially worrisome is the Carter Administration's choice of coal as the U.S.'s great energy hope. Unlike competing nuclear power, which gives off no CO₂, coal will inevitably add to a buildup of the gas, as will the increased consumption of other fossil fuels. A National Academy of Sciences study panel warns that if the use of coal proceeds along the Administration's projections, atmospheric concentration of CO₂ might reach four to eight times that of the pre-industrial level by the year 2150. That, predicts the panel, could produce an increase in the global mean air temperature of more than 6° C (11° F)—creating climatic conditions that the earth has not seen since the age of the dinosaurs more than 70 million years ago.

Even if the hike in temperature were smaller—say only a degree or so—the effects might not be minor. Applied year round to the entire earth, such an increase could shift whole forests, grasslands and deserts. At the polar regions, enough ice could melt to elevate sea levels by as much as 5 m (16 ft.). That would eventually inundate low-lying coastal areas round the world, including parts of The Netherlands and the Atlantic seaboard.

There would be some benefits, to be sure. Heavier rainfall would possibly restore Africa's extremely dry Sahel, the Sahara and the Arabian desert to their ancient fertility and make vast tracts in Siberia and Canada suitable for growing cereal grains. But the rich wheat and corn belt in the central U.S. would probably become too dry for these crops. Hundreds of millions of people might suffer from these dislocations.

Still, scientists are by no means certain that nature will follow their scenarios. The earth's climate is the product of such a complex mix of factors that it becomes impossibly difficult to isolate just one. For example, climatologists do not yet know the exact role of atmospheric dust. Dust can cool the earth by screening out warming sunlight, as has been noted after major volcanic eruptions like that of Krakatoa in 1883, yet also act as an atmospheric cap keeping in heat. Says Scripps' Charles Keeling, "Dust impedes radiation in both directions. We do not know if the net effect is heating or cool-

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ing." No less puzzling is the possible effect on world temperature of changes in the atmosphere's ozone layer.

There is another wrinkle in these climatological complications. For about two decades ending in the early 1970s, the earth was in what seemed to be a cooling phase. Some climatologists suggested that the chill marked the beginning of a "little ice age," like the one that persisted in Europe from about 1550 to 1850. If they are right, then the cooling forces—which could be attributable to anything from increased atmospheric dust to subtle changes in the amount of heat received from the sun—will be pitted against the warming force of the so-called greenhouse effect. For a while, at least, these two opposites might balance each other neatly.

But the burning of fossil fuels continues to increase at an annual rate of 3% to 4%, as scientists like Stephen Schneider of the National Center for Atmospheric Research consider likely, then the greenhouse effect may well prevail. In that case, it will be a hot time on earth. And once the warming has taken place, even if all discharges of CO₂ into the atmosphere could be abruptly halted, it would take centuries for the excess gas to be absorbed by the oceans and dwindling forests.

Sonic Doom

Can jet noise kill?

Scientists have long suspected that living or working within earshot of a major airport can be dangerous to health. Studies have linked high noise levels to hearing loss, nervous breakdowns, ulcers, hypertension and birth defects. Now a professor of the University of California at Los Angeles brings worse news: jet noise may kill.

Aero-acoustics Expert William Meecham of the U.C.L.A. School of Engineering and Applied Science reports that people who reside within a 3-mile radius of Los Angeles International Airport have a 19% higher death rate than people who live six miles away. Most of the difference was in stress-related disease. Meecham's target group of about 80,000 people in the Inglewood and Lennox sections near the airport was compared with a control group similar in number, age, income and racial balance. The target group had 40% more fatal strokes and 140% more deaths from cirrhosis of the liver. "These diseases may not be caused by the noise," says Meecham, "but it appears they are hurried along by the tension."

A regional official of the Federal Aviation Administration suggested that other, as yet undetermined, factors besides noise may account for the higher death rate. That may be, Meecham acknowledges, but he notes that 220 extra deaths were recorded in the high-noise areas last year. The odds against that kind of difference occurring by chance, he argues, are a thousand to one.

Books



King Jean of France surrenders to Edward, the Black Prince, at Poitiers, in 1356

Welcome to Hard Times

A DISTANT MIRROR: THE CALAMITOUS 14TH CENTURY
by Barbara W. Tuchman; Knopf, 677 pages; \$15.95

This is a book of marvels, a gawker's book. It is also a thoughtful, finely illuminated book of historical narrative, but what it relates is so bizarre that judicious appreciation is not a likely first reaction. The reader is a village child at a crossroads fair: a bear dances, an acrobat does a backflip without spilling his wine glass and the child's mouth hangs open.

Here are some other sideways from 14th century Europe, as presented by author Barbara Tuchman:

The citizens of Mons buy a condemned criminal from a neighboring town to have the pleasure of seeing him quartered. "In the trousseau of the unfortunate Blanche de Bourbon, who unwisely married Pedro the Cruel, 11,794 squirrel skins" are used, most of them imported from Scandinavia. Charles V of France, known as "the wise," owns a flask of Virgin's milk and the top of John the Baptist's head. He dines on roasted peacock. He commissions a learned councilor, Nicolas Oresme, to explain the theory of stable currency in simple language. It is believed widely, though Pope Clement VI tries to subdue the hysteria, that the bubonic plague that struck Europe in 1347 has been caused by poison put into wells by Jews. The fashion of wearing shoes with pointed, curled toes, sometimes held up by threads fixed to the knees, is considered sinful and is forbidden by law, though the law is ignored.

This Europe was surely a distant mirror. But reflecting what? Should we see the anxieties of our own times in the writhing torments of the period? Or is the view merely that of troubled humanity?

To her credit, and despite the book's somewhat insistent subtitle, this Pulitzer-prizewinning popular historian (*The Guns of August*, *Silwell and the American Experience in China*) hints at few parallels. Her business is to give a human face and as much coherence as the traffic will bear to one of those swales of history when old energies had run out and new momentum had not yet caught hold.

There is no question that the 14th century was vexed by extraordinary problems, though Tuchman reminds us that "havoc in a given period does not cover all the people all the time." Plague was the most dramatic calamity: it swept across Europe again and again during the second half of the century, and it was

chiefly responsible for a drop in population that is thought to have reached 40% to 50%. Not all survivors were worse off because of the plague; laborers could demand fewer restrictions and higher wages, and in some places the diminished number of mouths may have made food relatively more plentiful. But the pestilence seemed the vengeance of God, and its effect on the spirit of the century was both frenzy and depression.

Human institutions were poorly equipped to cope with the plague, or with man-made anguish like the Hundred Years' War. It lasted from 1337 well into the 15th century, mainly because knights in armor could lay waste to a countryside, but, lacking siege cannon, could not usually capture a strongly defended walled town. There was a more fundamental reason for perpetual war, however. As Tuchman says of the English, "Essentially, Gloucester and the barons of his party were opposed to peace because they felt war to be their occupation." Fighting was supposed to be conducted according to the chivalric code, but actually it was a business, entered into for the purposes of seizing loot, capturing prisoners to ransom, securing bribes in return for mercy shown, and, it would seem, as an excuse to extract additional taxes. Yet the levying mechanism of the emerging nation-state was still not refined. In Paris, for example, heralds on horseback would announce yet another impost, then gallop for their lives. Violent revolts by commoners troubled both France and England.

As Tuchman sees it, the noblemen of the time, including most of the rulers, were petulant adolescents. The French, who lost to England at Crécy in 1346, and at Poitiers ten years later, did so because they refused obstinately to understand that archers, who were not noble, could be effective soldiers. They still had not learned their lesson by the time of Agincourt, in 1415.

The author traces the tumult of the pe-

Excerpt

“In their purple or red gowns and furred hoods, doctors were persons of important status. Allowed extra luxury by the sumptuary laws, they wore belts of silver thread, embroidered gloves, and, according to Petrarch's annoyed report, presumptuously donned golden spurs when they rode to their visits attended by a servant. Their wives were permitted greater expenditure on clothes than other women, perhaps in recognition of the large fees doctors could command. Not all were learned professors. Boccaccio's Doctor Simon was a proctologist who had a chamber pot painted over his door to indicate his specialty.

When it came to the plague, sufferers were treated by various measures designed to draw poison or infection from the body: by bleeding, purging with laxatives or enemas, lancing or cauterizing the buboes, or application of hot plasters. None of this was of much use. Medicines ranged from pills of powdered stag's horn or myrrh and saffron to potions of potable gold. Compounds of rare spices and powdered pearls or emeralds were prescribed, possibly on the theory, not unknown to modern medicine, that a patient's sense of therapeutic value is in proportion to the expense.”

Books



Historian Barbara Tuchman

A human face in the swale of history.

ried by following the career of a great feudal lord, Enguerrand de Coucy VII, the seigneur of some 150 towns and villages in Picardy. He was born in 1340, and he died in captivity in 1397, having been made a prisoner by the Turks. Coucy was the best of his kind, an able diplomat, a shrewd military leader and a man of good luck. His campaigns took him to England (where he married King Edward's daughter), Tunisia, Italy, Switzerland and Hungary. He died at century's end, appropriately for Tuchman. His only drawback as a subject is that almost nothing personal is known about him. As Tuchman notes with exasperation, the only contemporary sketch of Coucy shows him facing away from the artist.

Through no fault of the author, Coucy as a result sounds a bit like a modern corporation president as seen by a tame biographer on the company payroll. On balance, however, her choice of Coucy is a good one. Her choice of the 14th century is brilliant, and her portrait of the period is exciting, artful and solidly based in scholarship.

— John Skow

Galloping Gourmet

ALICE, LET'S EAT

by Calvin Trillin

Random House, 182 pages; \$7.95

A gourmet is someone who would not fly from New York to Nebraska simply to check out a steakhouse rumored to serve beef in the rough shape and size of a softball. A gourmet is someone who would, Author Calvin Trillin did. His conclusion: "I've tasted worse steaks." Trillin, however, has an edge on his fellow gluttons, whom he describes as Big Hungry Boys. A peripatetic correspondent for *The New Yorker* for the past eleven years,

he has an excuse to roam the country at will, eating, sometimes quite literally, off the fat of the land. A writer who has appetite, will travel, should hardly ask for a tastier assignment.

This collection of 15 pieces, Trillin's second book on food, is subtitled "Further Adventures of a Happy Eater." Understatement is at work here. When barbecue is being dished up at Arthur Bryant's in Kansas City, or when Dungeness crabs are moving smartly from Pacific to pots in San Francisco, Trillin is not just happy, he is beatific. He is also remarkably free of guilt. Reminded by his wife Alice that he weighed 180 lbs. at his last checkup, Trillin instantly reduces that figure: "I always allow fourteen pounds for clothes."

Descriptions of food, music, sex and the funny remark made around the office water cooler have one thing in common: you really had to be there. Trillin manages to convey his appreciation for what he eats without straining after poetic equivalents of the taste. After a generous helping of *crabes farcis*, he simply notes that "chefs on Martinique tend to use as stuffing what I suspect a crab would have chosen to stuff himself with if only he had been given the opportunity." He has high praise for the cooking of a Manhattan neighbor and adds: "Alice claims that when we are walking there for dinner she is often forced to grab me by the jacket two or three times to keep me from breaking into a steady, uncharacteristic trot."

Trillin has little in common with what his wife calls "grown-up food writers" like Craig Claiborne. His *spécialité* might be termed *basque cuisine*. During the course of the book, he partakes of not one but two meals prepared by the legendary French chef Paul Bocuse and musters,



Author Calvin Trillin with Wife Alice

Eating and writing off the fat of the land

at best, a joyless respect. The most positive thing he can say shows where his heart and stomach truly lie: "The truffle soup I ate as a first course could be honorably compared with the andouille gumbo turned out by the Jaycees of La-place, Louisiana."

While conceding a place for authentic French cooking, Trillin gleefully trashes the bad imitation found at "Continental restaurants that are modeled, an unwary traveler can discover, on the continent of Antarctica, where everything starts out frozen." He characterizes the food served at such places as "a trout stuffed with a shrimp stuffed with an olive stuffed with a pimiento." He regards undue attention to wine as pretentious and a waste of good eating time. He also abhors fast-food emporiums everywhere (which is where they now seem to be) and meals featuring too much chatter about natural, healthful ingredients. He recalls some dinner conversations "so dominated by talk of how to prepare stone-ground flour or where to buy the true fig that I found myself imagining a cook pure enough to grind her own cleanser."

Ideally, all those who travel and eat a lot should have Trillin in person as a guide and companion. They would be the better and the heavier for it. Unfortunately, one man, no matter how ravenous, could not sustain such a regimen, but Trillin does offer his experience as a model for the uninitiated. "For years I have gone around the United States assuming that good food is available if the careful traveler sticks to regional specialties and the cooking of ethnic groups strong enough to have at least two aldermen." Stay-at-homes, too, can find ample satisfaction in *Alice, Let's Eat*. It is possible to read Trillin and laugh out loud and to come away from his high-calorie prose without feeling fat in the head.

— Paul Gray

Irving's World

UNCLE

by Julia Markus

Houghton Mifflin, 170 pages; \$7.95

Philip Roth proved that New Jersey summer camp and a claustrophobic family life could inspire brilliant satire. Whether they could inspire tragedy remained in doubt until Julia Markus addressed herself to the theme of growing up Jewish in Jersey City. Tragedy requires the decline of a hero, and Markus has invented one—however low key—in this somber, eloquent novel. Irving Bender, the son of East European Jews for whom the immigrant dream of success had come to nothing, "Irving's father drank and gambled and died," she writes in her terse idiom. "The mother got along; she got along. Education was life to his mother."

Mindful of this injunction, Bender quits school and goes to work so that his indolent brother Babe can have a college

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Books



Novelist Markus at home in Washington, D.C.
The triumph of a resilient will.

education. But Babe is fated to fail in business, while Irving succeeds as a bootlegger during the Depression and later as the owner of a summer camp in the Poconos. Surrounded by unpleasant, thwarted people—his troubled niece, his grasping, self-pitying mother—Bender ministers to their emotional demands and grows old alone.

For all its brevity, *Uncle* captures the duration of a life: the young man loitering in coffee shops and listening to radical debates; his flourishing business career; his later years, when he lies beside a pool in Miami pondering the ultimate adversary: "If the American dream ever lived on Stegman Parkway, it entered Irv's heart as an unacknowledged optimism about the mechanics of time." Only in old age does he learn to mourn his own mortality. "We are making something out of nothing," he cries. "And what we are making is no good."

If Irving Bender seems an unlikely hero, it is because he dwells in the midst of poverty—the poverty of faded tradition and of circumstance. Markus dramatizes this familiar condition with a laconic, willfully unliterary style. Her insights possess the character of aphorisms, translated into the sardonic, bantering idiom of immigrant Jews. "A lot you know," is the lesson Irving learns from his mother's death. When he invests in some paintings by an unknown artist who becomes famous, the novelist observes: "No one ever went broke seeing what was right in front of his nose."

Such grudging language achieves a cumulative power. Markus has a painterly sense of detail, building up scenes with a deliberate eye for the nuances of her characters' gestures and speech. Her vignettes of Camp Rose Lake, lingerie stores and Miami condominiums evoke a world where pride and purpose survive only by virtue of a resilient will.

—James Atlas

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Art

Architect for Dreams

Piranesi's monuments on paper are built to last

"I need to produce ideas on the grand scale, and I think that if someone asked me to design a new universe, I'd be mad enough to undertake it," wrote young Giovanni Battista Piranesi to a friend. Nobody asked him. In fact, nobody asked him to design any major building at all, though he always signed himself *Architetto*. Instead, he became known to his contemporaries as "the Rembrandt of Ruins."

Yet in his way, Piranesi did indeed design a universe. For in his etchings of the ruins of Rome he imagined a grandeur that the city itself never achieved. Horace Walpole marveled at his "sublime dreams" and the way "he piles palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and scales Heaven with mountains of edifices." Piranesi's etchings sent a generation of leisured Europeans to Rome to see the real things. The richer among them went home and built readymade garden ruins of their own.

This year, the 200th anniversary of Piranesi's death, his fame as one of the master etchers of architecture has been enhanced with major exhibitions in London, Venice and the U.S. The most notable show opens this week in the spectacular new East Building of Washington's National Gallery. The largest collection of Piranesi's relatively rare drawings went on display last week at Manhattan's Morgan Library. The Morgan is also publishing a catalogue that will illustrate its entire Piranesi holdings.

The man who revived the glory of ancient Rome was born in 1720 in the village of Mogliano about ten miles inland from Venice. His father was a stonemason, his uncle an architect and civil engineer who worked on the huge sea walls that protect Venice's lagoon. It was an image of massiveness that was to inspire Piranesi. From the busy Venetian theaters, he learned the art of stage design, which in those times ran to imposing fixed backdrops where ornate buildings receded in dramatic chiaroscuro. At 20, Piranesi landed a job in Rome as a junior draftsman in the retinue of a Venetian ambassador. He yearned to do his own buildings, but as he wrote despondently, "No

buildings of today display the magnificence of the old ... nor is there any prince or private man inclined to create any such."

Piranesi hence resolved to convey his ideas in pictures. He published a volume of twelve visionary buildings that dramatized his spaces by the diagonal perspectives of stage design. But his work

daughter of Prince Corsini's gardener, who brought him a small dowry that proved enough to let him start his major work on Roman antiquities. In it he looked on Rome's neglected ruins with the eye of a romantic and the knowledge of an engineer.

In his zeal, Piranesi turned archaeologist. He measured, calculated, chipped off encrustations and mold from fallen columns. He sketched indefatigably, on occasion even having himself suspended in a rope sling to get the vantage point he wanted. In his etchings, Piranesi embellished and sometimes even reconstructed

the ancient structures. He gave the ruins themselves infusions of light, spared no climbing vine or sprouting bush. He often filled his foregrounds with bustling groups of peddlers, fish wives and beggars, whose vitality contrasts with the crumbling architecture.

Roman Antiquities, published in 1756, took Europe by storm. During most of the 19th century, with its taste for Greek classicism and Gothic gloom, Piranesi's reputation receded, even though his prints were continuously reproduced. One series, drawn when he was about 25, still grips the modern imagination. These are the *Carceri d'Invenzione*, or Imaginary Prisons, which are the centerpieces of the National Gallery's show. Overpowering machines loom darkly. Ropes dangle ominously from huge beams. Towering arches soar, balconies thrust across them, stairways lead upward to rooms that are not really rooms but mere spaces.

No one will probably ever know just what inspired this remarkable group of etchings. Certainly the vast vaults derive from his study of Roman baths, the massive masonry perhaps from his childhood memories of Venice's sea walls. But down through time the

Carceri have fascinated men as various as De Quincey, Coleridge, Victor Hugo and Aldous Huxley.

In drawing what he could not build, Piranesi was perhaps subconsciously expressing a spirit caged by infinite space. In an age when reason and the romance of individual freedom were replacing old certitudes, Piranesi's labyrinthine galleries, infinitely receding arches and endless stairs must have been as profoundly unsettling to his contemporaries as the edge of a flat earth was to the ancients or black holes in space are to modern man.

—A.T. Baker



The Drawbridge and Two Towers from Piranesi's Imaginary Prisons
Ominous machines and endless stairways to unsettle the certitudes

created no stir, and he was forced to return to Venice, where the presiding geniuses at the time were Tiepolo, Canaletto and Guardi. The influence of Tiepolo freed Piranesi's line from cramped meticulousness favored by architectural engravers of the day. The result can be clearly seen in the Morgan show, where sketches for decorative panels and figure studies echo Tiepolo's and Guardi's free draftsmanship.

But his heart was in Rome, wandering its ruins. In 1745 he managed to get back there for good as agent for a Venetian printmaker. He married the

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The "Lost Dutchman" gold mine. Legend says it's near the place where we hid a case of C.C.



We heard tales of hidden gold in the mountains east of Phoenix. They tell how miners who discovered it were mysteriously massacred. How an old prospector, "The Dutchman," rediscovered it. And how he, too, took its secret to the grave.

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the Dutchman had followed.**

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C.C. tied on a surefooted mule, we set out. We would seek a hiding place among the sites of the Dutchman's legend ... and perhaps his lost gold mine too. His last words were about a needle-like rock near his mine. So we kept such a rock in sight as we followed narrow canyons. It's been a spell since adventurers here have met up with gold-crazed

outlaws. Still, our wrangler's revolver was comforting as shadows deepened.

**A campfire, cowboy beans and C.C.
with mountain stream water.**

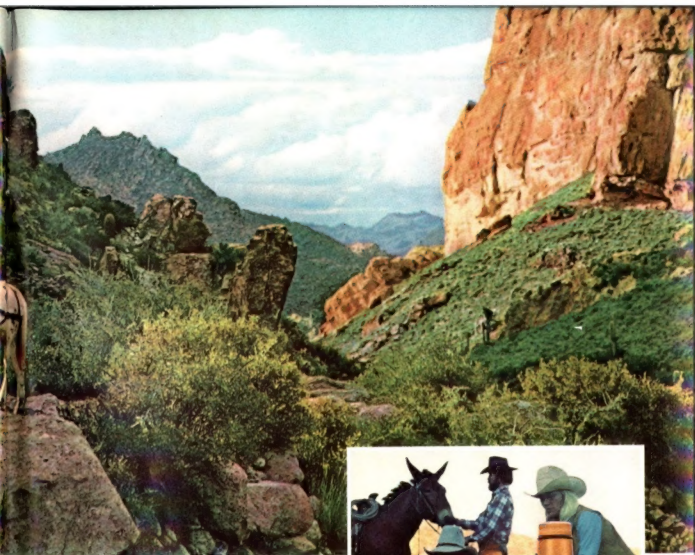
With dark, we pitched camp below the needle-rock, put our chow on the fire, and toasted our saddle sores with C.C. and icy clear stream water. Next day we rode northwest to a well-traveled "Indian trail" and soon buried the Canadian Club. To find it, seek a place on that trail where the needle-rock is in

sight, then head for lakes that weren't here when the Dutchman was.

A strange rock, an abandoned camp.

Seek the rock pictured here (warning: it won't look this way from the trail)





and ride directly toward it. Follow a rocky trail that's really more stream bed in places, past a lone cactus that grows from a high rock outcropping, to the end. Near here we made camp again 'neath a small tree where the distant needle-rock can again be seen. Within sight of our fire, we buried our full case of Canadian Club.

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